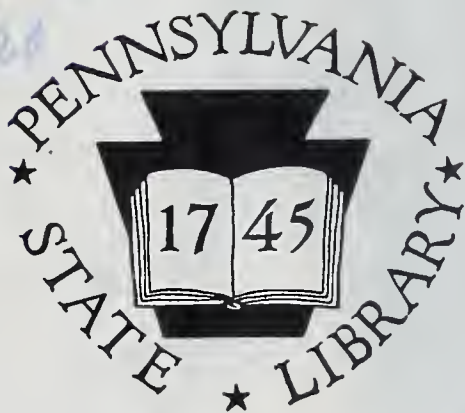


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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
*ALEXANDER POPE.*

WITH  
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,  
FROM DR. JOHNSON.



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## LIFE OF POPE.

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ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 22, 1688, of parents whose rank or station was never ascertained: we are informed, however, that they were of "gentle blood;" that his father was of a family of which the earl of Downe was the head; and that his mother was the daughter of William Turner, esquire, of York, who had likewise three sons, one of whom had the honour of being killed, and the other of dying, in the service of Charles the First; the third was made a general officer in Spain, from whom the sister inherited what sequestrations and forfeitures had left in the family.

This, and this only, is told by Pope; who is more willing, as I have heard observed, to show what his father was not, than what he was. It is allowed that he grew rich by trade; but whether in a shop or on the Exchange was never discovered, till Mr. Tyers told, on the authority of Mrs. Racket, that he was a linen-draper in the Strand. Both parents were papists.

Pope was, from his birth, of a constitution tender and delicate; but is said to have shown remarkable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. The

weakness of his body continued through his life ;\* but the mildness of his mind perhaps ended with his childhood. His voice, when he was young, was so pleasing, that he was called, in fondness, "the little nightingale."

Being not sent early to school, he was taught to read by an aunt ; and when he was seven or eight years old, became a lover of books. He first learned to write by imitating printed books ; a species of penmanship in which he retained great excellence through his whole life, though his ordinary hand was not elegant.

When he was about eight he was placed in Hampshire, under Taverner, a Romish priest, who, by a method very rarely practised, taught him the Greek and Latin rudiments together. He was now first regularly initiated in poetry by the perusal of Ogilby's Homer, and Sandy's Ovid. Ogilby's assistance he never repaid with any praise : but of Sandy's, he declared, in his notes to the Iliad, that English poetry owed much of its beauty to his translations.

From the care of Taverner, under whom his proficiency was considerable, he was removed to a school at Twyford, near Winechester, and again to another school about Hyde-park Corner ; from which he used sometimes to stroll to the play-house ; and was so delighted with theatrical exhibitions, that he formed a kind of play from Ogilby's Iliad, with some verses of his own intermixed, which he persuaded his school-fellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardener, who personated Ajax.

At the two last schools he used to represent him-

\* This weakness was so great that he constantly wore stays, as I have been assured by a waterman at Twickenham, who, in lifting him into his boat, had often felt them. His method of taking the air on the water was to have a sedan chair in the boat, in which he sat with the glasses down. H.

self as having lost part of what T'averner had taught him; and on his master at T'wyford he had already exercised his poetry in a lampoon. Yet under those masters he translated more than a fourth part of the *Metamorphoses*. If he kept the same proportion in other exercises, it cannot be thought that his loss was great.

He tells of himself, in his poems, that "he lisp'd in numbers;" and used to say, that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses. In the style of fiction, it might have been said of him as of Pindar, that, when he lay in his cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth."

About the time of the revolution, his father quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, with about twenty thousand pounds: for which, being conscientiously determined not to intrust it to the government, he found no better use than that of locking it up in a chest, and taking from it what his expenses required; and his life was long enough to consume a great part of it, before his son came to the inheritance.

To Binfield Pope was called by his father, when he was about twelve years old; and there he had, for a few months, the assistance of one Deane, another priest, of whom he learned only to construe a little of Tully's Offices. How Mr. Deane could spend, with a boy who had translated so much of Ovid, some months over a small part of Tully's Offices, it is now vain to inquire.

Of a youth so successfully employed, and so conspicuously improved, a minute account must be naturally desired; but curiosity must be contented with confused, imperfect, and sometimes improbable intelligence. Pope, finding little advantage from external help, resolved thenceforward to direct himself, and at twelve formed a plan of study, which he completed with little other incitement than the desire of excellence.

His primary and principal purpose was to be a poet, with which his father accidentally concurred, by proposing subjects, and obliging him to correct his performances by many revisals; after which the old gentleman, when he was satisfied, would say, "these are good rhymes."

In his perusal of the English poets he soon distinguished the versification of Dryden, which he considered as the model to be studied, and was impressed with such veneration for his instructor, that he persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house which Dryden frequented, and pleased himself with having seen him.

Dryden died May 1, 1701, some days before Pope was twelve; so early must he therefore have felt the power of harmony, and the zeal of genius. Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer.

The earliest of Pope's productions is his Ode on Solitude, written before he was twelve, in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained, and which is not equal to Cowley's performances at the same age.

His time was now wholly spent in reading and writing. As he read the Classics, he amused himself with translating them; and at fourteen made a version of the first book of the Thebais, which, with some revision, he afterwards published. He must have been, at this time, if he had no help, a considerable proficient in the Latin tongue.

By Dryden's Fables, which had then been not long published, and were much in the hands of poetical readers, he was tempted to try his own skill in giving Chaucer a more fashionable appearance, and put January and May, and the Prologue of the Wife of Bath, into modern English. He translated likewise the Epistle of Sappho to Phaon from Ovid, to complete the version which was



before imperfect; and wrote some other small pieces, which he afterwards printed.

He sometimes imitated the English poets, and professed to have written at fourteen his poem upon Silence, after Rochester's Nothing. He had now formed his versification, and the smoothness of his numbers surpassed his original: but this is a small part of his praise; he discovers such acquaintance both with human life and public affairs, as is not easily conceived to have been attainable by a boy of fourteen, in Windsor Forest.

Next year he was desirous of opening to himself new sources of knowledge, by making himself acquainted with modern languages; and removed for a time to London, that he might study French and Italian, which, as he desired nothing more than to read them, were by diligent application soon dispatched. Of Italian learning he does not appear to have ever made much use in his subsequent studies.

He then returned to Binfield, and delighted himself with his own poetry. He tried all styles, and many subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confesses, "thought himself the greatest genius that ever was." Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings. He, indeed, who forms his opinion of himself in solitude, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error: but it was the felicity of Pope to rate himself at his real value.

Most of his puerile productions were, by his maturer judgment, afterwards destroyed; Alcander, the epic poem, was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury. The tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Genevieve. Of the comedy there is no account.

Concerning his studies it is related, that he translated Tully on Old Age; and that, besides his

books of poetry and criticism, he read Temple's *Essays*, and Loeke on *Human Understanding*. His reading, though his favourite authors are not known, appears to have been sufficiently extensive and multifarious; for his early pieces show, with sufficient evidence, his knowledge of books.

He that is pleased with himself easily imagines that he shall please others. Sir William Trumbull, who had been ambassador at Constantinople, and secretary of state, when he retired from business, fixed his residence in the neighbourhood of Binfield. Pope, not yet sixteen, was introduced to the statesman of sixty, and so distinguished himself, that their interviews ended in friendship and correspondence. Pope was, through his whole life, ambitious of splendid acquaintance; and he seems to have wanted neither diligence nor success in attracting the notice of the great; for, from his first entrance into the world, and his entrance was very early, he was admitted to familiarity with those whose rank or station made them most conspicuous.

From the age of sixteen the life of Pope, as an author, may be properly computed. He now wrote his pastorals, which were shown to the poets and critics of that time: as they well deserved, they were read with admiration, and many praises were bestowed upon them: they were, however, not published till five years afterwards.

Cowley, Milton, and Pope; are distinguished among the English poets by the early exertion of their powers; but the works of Cowley alone were published in his childhood, and therefore of him only can it be certain, that his puerile performances received no improvement from his maturer studies.

At this time began his acquaintance with Wycherley, a man who seems to have had among his contemporaries his full share of reputation. Pope

was proud of his notice; Wycherly wrote verses in his praise, which he was charged by Dennis with writing to himself, and they agreed for a while to flatter one another. It is pleasant to remark how soon Pope learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt, though he had yet suffered nothing from them.

But the fondness of Wycherley was too violent to last. His esteem of Pope was such, that he submitted some poems to his revision; and when Pope, perhaps proud of such confidence, was sufficiently bold in his criticisms, and liberal in his alterations, the old scribbler was angry to see his pages defaced, and felt more pain from the detection, than content from the amendment of his faults. They parted; but Pope always considered him with kindness, and visited him a little time before he died.

Another of his early correspondents was Mr. Cromwell, of whom I have learned nothing particular, but that he used to ride a hunting in a tye-wig. He was fond, and perhaps vain, of amusing himself with poetry and criticism; and sometimes sent his performances to Pope, who did not forbear such remarks as were now-and-then unwelcome. Pope, in his turn, put the juvenile version of Statius into his hands for correction.

Their correspondence afforded the public its first knowledge of Pope's epistolary powers; for his letters were given by Cromwell to one Mrs. Thomas; and she, many years afterwards, sold them to Curll, who inserted them in a volume of his Miscellanies.

Walsh, a name yet preserved among the minor poets, was one of his first encouragers. His regard was gained by the Pastorals, and from him Pope received the counsel by which he seems to have regulated his studies. Walsh advised him to correctness, which, as he told him, the English

poets had hitherto neglected, and which therefore was left to him as a basis of fame; and being delighted with rural poems, recommended to him to write a pastoral comedy, like those which are read so eagerly in Italy; a design which Pope probably did not approve, as he did not follow it.

Pope had now declared himself a poet; and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Will's, a coffee-house on the north side of Russel-street, in Covent-garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where Dryden had been accustomed to preside.

During this period of his life he was indefatigably diligent, and insatiably curious; wanting health for violent, and money for expensive pleasures, and having excited in himself very strong desires of intellectual eminence, he spent much of his time over his books; but he read only to store his mind with facts and images, seizing all that his authors presented with undistinguishing voracity, and with an appetite for knowledge too eager to be nice. In a mind like his, however, all the faculties were at once involuntarily improving. Judgment is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books must compare one opinion or one style with another; and, when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject, and prefer. But the account given by himself of his studies was, that from fourteen to twenty he read only for amusement; from twenty to twenty-seven for improvement and instruction; that in the first part of his time he desired only to know, and in the second he endeavoured to judge.

The pastorals, which had been for some time handed about among poets and critics, were at last printed (1709) in Tonson's Miscellany, in a volume which began with the Pastorals of Philips, and ended with those of Pope.

The same year was written the *Essay on Criticism*; a work which displays such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience. It was published about two years afterwards; and, being praised by Addison in the *Spectator* with sufficient liberality, met with so much favour as enraged Dennis, "who," he says, "found himself attacked, without any manner of provocation on his side, and attacked in his person, instead of his writings, by one who was wholly a stranger to him, at a time when all the world knew he was persecuted by fortune; and not only saw that this was attempted in a clandestine manner, with the utmost falsehood and calumny, but found that all this was done by a little affected hypocrite, who had nothing in his mouth at the same time but truth, candour, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity."

How the attack was clandestine is not easily perceived, nor how his person is depreciated; but he seems to have known something of Pope's character, in whom may be discovered an appetite to talk too frequently of his own virtues.

Thus began the hostility between Pope and Dennis, which, though it was suspended for a short time, never was appeased. Pope seems, at first, to have attacked him wantonly; but, though he always professed to despise him, he discovers, by mentioning him very often, that he felt his force or his venom.

Of this *Essay*, Pope declared, that he did not expect the sale to be quick, because "not one gentleman in sixty, even of liberal education, could understand it." The gentlemen, and the education of that time, seem to have been of a lower charac-

ter than they are of this. He mentioned a thousand copies as a numerous impression.

The Essay has been translated into French by Hamilton, author of the *Comte de Grammont*, whose version was never printed; by Robotham secretary to the king for Hanover, and by Resnel; and commented by Dr. Warburton, who has discovered in it such order and connection as was not perceived by Addison, nor, as is said, by the author.

As the end of method is perspicuity, that series is sufficiently regular that avoids obscurity; and where there is no obscurity, it will not be difficult to discover method.

In the *Spectator* was published the *Messiah*, which he first submitted to the perusal of Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticisms.

It is reasonable to infer, from his Letters, that the Verses on the Unfortunate Lady were written about the time when his Essay was published. The lady's name and adventures I have sought with fruitless inquiry.\*

I can therefore tell no more than I have learned from Mr. Ruffhead, who writes with the confidence of one who could trust his information. She was a woman of eminent rank and large fortune, the ward of an uncle, who, having given her a proper education, expected, like other guardians, that she should make at least an equal match; and such he proposed to her, but found it rejected in favour of a young gentleman of inferior condition.

Having discovered the correspondence between the two lovers, and finding the young lady determined to abide by her own choice, he supposed that separation might do what can rarely be done by arguments, and sent her into a foreign country.

\* See *Gent. Mag.* Vol. LI. p. 314.



where she was obliged to converse only with those from whom her uncle had nothing to fear.

Her lover took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with still greater vigilance, till of this restraint she grew so impatient, that she bribed a woman servant to procure her a sword, which she directed to her heart.

Not long after, he wrote the *Rapce of the Lock*, the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all his compositions, occasioned by a frolic of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This, whether stealth or violence, was so much resented, that the commerce of the two families, before very friendly, was interrupted. Mr. Caryl, a gentleman who, being secretary to king James's queen, had followed his mistress into France, and who, being the author of *Sir Solomon Single*, a comedy, and some translations, was entitled to the notice of a wit, solicited Pope to endeavour a reconciliation by a ludicrous poem, which might bring the parties to a better temper. In compliance with Caryl's request, though his name was for a long time marked only by the first and last letters, C—l, a poem of two cantos was written (1711) as is said, in a fortnight, and sent to the offended lady, who liked it well enough to show it; and, with the usual process of literary transactions, the author, dreading a surreptitious edition, was forced to publish it.

The event is said to have been such as was desired, the pacification and diversion of all to whom it related, except sir George Brown, who complained with some bitterness, that, in the character of sir Plumc, he was made to talk nonsense. Whether all this be true, I have some doubt; for at Paris, a few years ago, a niece of Mrs. Fermor, who

presided in an English convent, mentioned Pope's work with very little gratitude, rather as an insult than an honour; and she may be supposed to have inherited the opinion of her family.

At its first appearance it was termed by Addison "merum sal." Pope, however, saw that it was capable of improvement; and, having luckily contrived to borrow his machinery from the Rosicrucians, imparted the scheme with which his head was teeming to Mr. Addison, who told him that his work, as it stood, was "a delicious little thing," and gave him no encouragement to retouch it.

This has been too hastily considered as an instance of Addison's jealousy; for, as he could not guess the conduct of the new design, or the possibilities of pleasure comprised in a fiction of which there had been no examples, he might very reasonably and kindly persuade the author to acquiesce in his own prosperity, and forbear an attempt which he considered as an unnecessary hazard.

Addison's counsel was happily rejected. Pope foresaw the future efflorescence of imagery then budding in his mind, and resolved to spare no art, or industry of cultivation. The soft luxuriance of his fancy was already shooting, and all the gay varieties of diction were ready at his hand to colour and embellish it.

His attempt was justified by its success. The Rape of the Lock stands forward, in the classes of literature, as the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry. Berkeley congratulated him upon the display of powers more truly poetical than he had shown before: with elegance of description and justness of precepts, he had now exhibited boundless fertility of invention.

He always considered the intermixture of the machinery with the action as his most successful exertion of poetical art. He indeed could never



afterwards produce any thing of such unexampled excellence. Those performances, which strike with wonder, are combinations of skilful genius with happy casualty; and it is not likely that any felicity, like the discovery of a new race of preternatural agents, should happen twice to the same man.

Of this poem the author was, I think, allowed to enjoy the praise for a long time without disturbance. Many years afterwards Dennis published some remarks upon it, with very little force, and with no effect; for the opinion of the public was already settled, and it was no longer at the mercy of criticism.

About this time he published the *Temple of Fame*, which, as he tells Steele in their correspondence, he had written two years before; that is, when he was only twenty-two years old, an early time of life for so much learning and so much observation, as that work exhibits.

On this poem Dennis afterwards published some remarks, of which the most reasonable is, that some of the lines represent motion as exhibited by sculpture.

Of the epistle of *Eloisa to Abelard*, I do not know the date. His first inclination to attempt a composition of that tender kind arose, as Mr. Savage told me, from his perusal of Prior's *Nut-brown Maid*. How much he has surpassed Prior's work it is not necessary to mention, when perhaps it may be said with justice, that he has excelled every composition of the same kind. The mixture of religious hope and resignation gives an elevation and dignity to disappointed love, which images merely natural cannot bestow. The gloom of a convent strikes the imagination with far greater force than the solitude of a grove.

This piece was, however, not much his favourite

in his latter years, though I never heard upon what principle he slighted it.

The Epistle of Eloise to Abelard is one of the most happy productions of human wit: the subject is so judiciously chosen, that it would be difficult, in turning over the annals of the world, to find another which so many circumstances concur to recommend. We regularly interest ourselves most in the fortune of those who most deserve our notice. Abelard and Eloise were conspicuous in their days for eminence of merit. The heart naturally loves truth. The adventures and misfortunes of this illustrious pair are known from undisputed history. Their fate does not leave the mind in hopeless dejection; for they both found quiet and consolation in retirement and piety. So new and so affecting is their story, that it supersedes invention; and imagination ranges at full liberty without straggling into scenes of fable.

The story, thus skilfully adopted, has been diligently improved. Pope has left nothing behind him, which seems more the effect of studious perseverance and laborious revisal. Here is particularly observable the *curiosa felicitas*, a fruitful soil and careful cultivation. Here is no crudeness of sense, nor asperity of language.

In the next year (1713) he published Windsor Forest; of which part was, as he relates, written at sixteen, about the same time as his Pastorals; and the latter part was added afterwards; where the addition begins, we are not told. The lines relating to the peace confess their own date. It is dedicated to lord Lansdowne, who was then high in reputation and influence among the Tories; and it is said, that the conclusion of the poem gave great pain to Addison, both as a poet and a politician. Reports like this are always spread with boldness very disproportionate to their evidence. Why should Addison receive any particular disturbance

from the last lines of Windsor Forest? If contrariety of opinion could poison a politician, he would not live a day; and, as a poet, he must have felt Pope's force of genius much more from many other parts of his works.

The pain that Addison might feel it is not likely that he would confess; and it is certain that he so well suppressed his discontent, that Pope now thought himself his favourite; for, having been consulted in the revisal of *Cato*, he introduced it by a prologue; and, when Dennis published his *Remarks*, undertook, not indeed to vindicate, but to revenge his friend, by a "Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis."

There is reason to believe, that Addison gave no encouragement to this disingenuous hostility; for, says Pope, in a letter to him, "indeed your opinion, that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would be my own in my own case; but I felt more warmth here, than I did when I first saw his book against myself, (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.)" Addison was not a man on whom such cant of sensibility could make much impression. He left the pamphlet to itself, having disowned it to Dennis, and perhaps did not think Pope to have deserved much by his officiousness.

This year was printed in the *Guardian*, the ironical comparison between the *Pastorals* of Philips and Pope; a composition of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found. The superiority of Pope is so ingeniously dissembled, and the feeble lines of Philips so skillfully preferred, that Steele being deceived, was unwilling to print the paper, lest Pope should be offended. Addison immediately saw the writer's design; and, as it seems, had malice enough to conceal his discovery, and to admit a publication, which, by making his friend Philips ridiculous, made him for ever an enemy to Pope.

It appears, that about this time Pope had a strong inclination to unite the art of painting with that of poetry, and put himself under the tuition of Jervas. He was near-sighted, and therefore not formed by nature for a painter: he tried, however, how far he could advance, and sometimes persuaded his friends to sit. A picture of Betterton, supposed to be drawn by him, was in the possession of lord Mansfield: if this was taken from the life, he must have begun to paint earlier: for Betterton was now dead. Pope's ambition of this new art produced some encomiastic verses to Jervas, which certainly show his power as a poet; but I have been told, that they betray his ignorance of painting.

He appears to have regarded Betterton with kindness and esteem; and after his death published, under his name, a version into modern English of Chaucer's Prologues, and one of his Tales, which, as was related by Mr. Harte, were believed to have been the performance of Pope himself by Fenton, who made him a gay offer of five pounds, if he would show them in the hand of Betterton.

The next year (1714) produced a bolder attempt, by which profit was sought as well as praise. The poems which he had hitherto written, however they might have diffused his name, had made very little addition to his fortune. The allowance which his father made him, though, proportioned to what he had, it might be liberal, could not be large; his religion hindered him from the occupation of any civil employment; and he complained, that he wanted even money to buy books.

He therefore resolved to try how far the favour of the public extended, by soliciting a subscription to a version of the *Iliad*, with large notes.

To print by subscription was, for some time, a practice peculiar to the English. The first considerable work, for which this expedient was em-

ployed, is said to have been Dryden's *Virgil*\*; and it had been tried again with great success when the *Tatlers* were collected into volumes.

There was reason to believe, that Pope's attempt would be successful. He was in the full bloom of reputation, and was personally known to almost all whom dignity of employment or splendour of reputation had made eminent; he conversed indifferently with both parties, and never disturbed the public with his political opinions; and it might be naturally expected, as each faction then boasted its literary zeal, that the great men, who on other occasions practised all the violence of opposition, would emulate each other in their encouragement of a poet, who had belighted all, and by whom none had been offended.

With those hopes, he offered an English *Iliad* to subscribers, in six volumes in quarto, for six guineas; a sum, according to the value of money at that time, by no means inconsiderable, and greater than I believe to have been asked before. His proposal, however, was very favourably received; and the patrons of literature were busy to recommend his undertaking, and promote his interest. Lord Oxford, indeed, lamented that such a genius should be wasted upon a work not original; but proposed no means by which he might live without it. Addison recommended caution and moderation, and advised him not to be content with the praise of half the nation when he might be universally favoured.

The greatness of the design, the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raised such expectations of the future sale, that the booksellers made their offers with great eagerness; but the highest bidder was Bernard Lintot, who became proprietor, on condition of

\* Earlier than this, viz. in 1688, Milton's *Paradise Lost* had been published with great success by subscription, in folio, under the patronage of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Somers. R.

supplying, at his own expence, all the copies which were to be delivered to subscribers, or presented to friends, and paying two hundred pounds for every volume.

Of the quartos it was, I believe, stipulated, that none should be printed but for the author, that the subscription might not be depreciated; but Lintot impressed the same pages upon a small folio, and paper perhaps a little thinner; and sold exactly at half the price, for half a guinea each volume, books so little inferior to the quartos, that by a fraud of trade, these folios, being afterwards shortened by cutting away the top and bottom, were sold as copies printed for the subscribers.

Lintot printed two hundred and fifty on royal paper in folio, for two guineas a volume; of the small folio, having printed seventeen hundred and fifty copies of the first volume, he reduced the number in the other volumes to a thousand.

Pope, having now emitted his proposals, and engaged not only his own reputation, but in some degree that of his friends who patronised his subscription, began to be frightened at his undertaking; and finding himself at first embarrassed with difficulties, which retarded and oppressed him, he was for a time timorous and uneasy, had his nights disturbed by dreams of long journeys through unknown ways, and wishes, as he said, "that somebody would hang him\*."

This misery, however, was not of long continuance; he grew by degrees more acquainted with Homer's images and expressions, and practice increased his facility of versification. In a short time he represents himself as dispatching regularly fifty verses a day, which would show him by an easy computation the termination of his labour.

His own diffidence was not his only vexation.

\* Spence.



He that asks a subscription soon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him, defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor: and he that wishes to save his money conceals his avarice by his malice. Addison had hinted his suspicion, that Pope was too much a Tory; and some of the Tories suspected his principles, because he had contributed to the *Guardian*, which was carried on by Steele.

To those who censured his politics were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in question his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifications for a translator of Homer. To these he made no public opposition; but in one of his letters escapes from them as well as he can. At an age like his, for he was not more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a course of life which much seems to have passed in conversation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himself deficient, he sought assistance; and what man of learning would refuse to help him? Minute inquiries into the force of words are less necessary in translating Homer than other poets, because his positions are general, and his representations natural, with very little dependance on local or temporary customs, on those changeable scenes of artificial life, which, by mingling originally with accidental notions, and crowding the mind with images which time effaces, produces ambiguity in diction, and obscurity in books. To this open display of an unadulterated nature it must be ascribed, that Homer has fewer passages of doubtful meaning than any other poet, either in the learned or in modern languages.

Literal translations were always at hand, and from them he could easily obtain his author's sense with sufficient certainty; and among the readers of Homer the number is very small of those who find

much in the Greek more than in the Latin, except the music of the numbers.

If more help was wanting, he had the poetical translation of Eobanus Hessus, an unwearied writer of Latin verses; he had the French Homers of La Valteric and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. With Chapman, whose work, though now totally neglected, seems to have been popular almost to the end of the last century, he had very frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which indeed he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original.

Notes were likewise to be provided; for the six volumes would have been very little more than six pamphlets without them. What the mere perusal of the text could suggest, Pope wanted no assistance to collect or methodize; but more was necessary; many pages were to be filled, and learning must supply materials to wit and judgment. Something might be gathered from Dacier; but no man loves to be indebted to his contemporaries, and Dacier was accessible to common readers. Eustathius was therefore necessarily consulted. To read Eustathius, of whose work there was then no Latin version, I suspect Pope, if he had been willing, not to have been able; some other was therefore to be found, who had leisure as well as abilities; and he was doubtless most readily employed who could do much work for little money.

The history of the notes has never been traced. Broome, in his preface to his poems, declares himself the commentator "in part upon the Iliad;" and it appears from Fenton's letter, preserved in the Museum, that Broome was at first engaged in consulting Eustathius; but that after a time, whatever was the reason, he desisted; another man of Cambridge was then employed, who soon grew weary of the work; and a third, that was recom-



mended by Thirlby, is now discovered to have been Jortin, a man since well known to the learned world, who complained that Pope, having accepted and approved his performance, never testified any curiosity to see him, and who professed to have forgotten the terms on which he worked.

Broome then offered his service a second time, which was probably accepted, as they had afterwards a closer correspondence. Parnell contributed the *Life of Homer*, which Pope found so harsh, that he took great pains in correcting it; and by his own diligence, with such help as kindness or money could procure him, in somewhat more than five years he completed his version of the *Iliad*, with notes. He began it in 1712, his twenty-fifth year; and concluded in 1718, his thirtieth year.

When we find him translating fifty lines a day, it is natural to suppose, that he would have brought his work to a more speedy conclusion. The *Iliad*, containing less than sixteen thousand verses, might have been dispatched in less than three hundred and twenty days by fifty verses in a day. The notes, compiled with the assistance of his mercenaries, could not be supposed to require more time than the text.

According to this calculation, the progress of Pope may seem to have been slow; but the distance is commonly very great between actual performances and speculative possibility. It is natural to suppose, that as much as has been done to-day may be done to-morrow; but on the morrow some difficulty emerges, or some external impediment obstructs. Indolence, interruption, business, and pleasure, all take their turns of retardation; and every long work is lengthened by a thousand causes that can, and ten thousand that cannot, be recounted. Perhaps no extensive and multifarious performance was ever effected within the term originally fixed in the undertaker's mind. He that runs

against Time has an antagonist not subject to casualties.

The encouragement given to the translation, though report seems to have overrated it, was such as the world has not often seen. The subscribers were five hundred and seventy-five. The copies, for which subscriptions were given, were six hundred and fifty-four; and only six hundred and sixty were printed. For these copies Pope had nothing to pay; he therefore received, including the two hundred pounds a volume, five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds four shillings without deduction, as the books were supplied by Lintot.

By the success of his subscription Pope was relieved from those pecuniary distresses, with which notwithstanding his popularity, he had hitherto struggled. Lord Oxford had often lamented his disqualification for public employment, but never proposed a pension. While the translation of Homer was in its progress, Mr. Craggs, then secretary of state, offered to procure him a pension, which, at least during his ministry, might be enjoyed with secrecy. This was not accepted by Pope, who told him, however, that, if he should be pressed with want of money, he would send to him for occasional supplies. Craggs was not long in power, and was never solicited for money by Pope, who disdained to beg what he did not want.

With the product of this subscription, which he had too much discretion to squander, he secured his future life from want, by considerable annuities. The estate of the duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a year, payable to Mr. Pope, which doubtless his translation enabled him to purchase.

It cannot be unwelcome to literary curiosity, that I deduce thus minutely the history of the English Iliad. It is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen; and its publication

must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of learning.

The *Iliad* was published volume by volume, as the translation proceeded: the four first books appeared in 1715. The expectation of this work was undoubtedly high, and every man who had connected his name with criticism, or poetry, was desirous of such intelligence as might enable him to talk upon the popular topic. Halifax, who, by having been first a poet, and then a patron of poetry, had acquired the right of being a judge, was willing to hear some books while they were yet unpublished. Of this rehearsal Pope afterwards gave the following account\*.

“The famous lord Halifax was rather a pretender to taste, than really possessed of it.—When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the *Iliad*, that lord desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house.—Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading. In four or five places, lord Halifax stopt me very civilly, and with a speech each time of much the same kind, “I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little at your leisure.—I am sure you can give it a little turn.”—I returned from lord Halifax’s with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and, as we were going along, was saying to the doctor, that my lord had laid me under a great deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said I had not been long enough acquainted with lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about

\* \* Spence.

looking those places over and over when I got home. 'All you need do (says he) is to leave them just as they are; call on lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on lord Halifax some time after; said, I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him exactly as they were at first; and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, 'Ay, now they are perfectly right: nothing can be better.'

The reputation of this great work deprived him of a friend. Addison and he were now at the head of poetry and criticism; and both in such a state of elevation, that, like the two rivals in the Roman state, one could no longer bear an equal, nor the other a superior. Of the gradual abatement of kindness between friends, the beginning is often scarcely discernible to themselves, and the process is continued by petty provocations, and incivilities sometimes peevishly returned, and sometimes contemptuously neglected, which would escape all attention but that of pride, and drop from any memory but that of resentment. That the quarrel of these two wits should be minutely deduced, is not to be expected from a writer, to whom, as Homer says, "nothing but rumour has reached, and who has no personal knowledge."

Pope doubtless approached Addison, when the reputation of their wit first brought them together, with the respect due to a man whose abilities were acknowledged, and who, having attained that eminence to which he was himself aspiring, had in his hands the distribution of literary fame. He paid court with sufficient diligence by his prologue to Cato, by his abuse of Dennis, and with praise yet

more direct, by his poem on the Dialogues on Medals, of which the immediate publication was then intended. In all this there was no hypocrisy; for he confessed that he found in Addison something more pleasing than in any other man.

It may be supposed, that as Pope saw himself favoured by the world, and more frequently compared his own powers with those of others, his confidence increased, and his submission lessened; and that Addison felt no delight from the advances of a young wit, who might soon contend with him for the highest place.

From the emission and reception of the Proposals for the Iliad, the kindness of Addison seems to have abated.

When the first volume of Homer was published, a rival version of the first Iliad, for rivals the time of their appearance inevitably made them, was immediately printed, with the name of Tickell. It was soon perceived, that, among the followers of Addison, Tickell had the preference, and the critics and poets divided into factions. "I," says Pope, "have the town, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is not uncommon for the smaller party to supply by industry what it wants in numbers.—I appeal to the people as my rightful judges, and while they are not inclined to condemn me, shall not fear the high-flyers at Button's." This opposition he immediately imputed to Addison, and complained of it in terms sufficiently resentful to Craggs, their common friend.

When Addison's opinion was asked, he declared the versions to be both good, but Tickell's the best that had ever been written; and sometimes said, that they were both good, but that Tickell had more of Homer.

Pope was now sufficiently irritated; his reputation and his interest were at hazard. He once intended to print together the four versions of Dry-

den, Mainwaring, Pope, and Tickell, that they might be readily compared, and fairly estimated. This design seems to have been defeated by the refusal of Tonson, who was the proprietor of the other three versions.

Pope intended, at another time, a rigorous criticism of Tickell's translation, and had marked a copy, which I have seen, in all places that appeared defective. But, while he was thus meditating defence or revenge, his adversary sunk before him without a blow; the voice of the public was not long divided, and the preference was universally given to Pope's performance.

He was convinced, by adding one circumstance to another, that the other translation was the work of Addison himself; but, if he knew it in Addison's lifetime, it does not appear that he told it. He left his illustrious antagonist to be punished by what has been considered as the most painful of all reflections, the remembrance of a crime perpetrated in vain.

The other circumstances of their quarrel were thus related by Pope\*.

"Phillips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses, and conversations: and Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had abused both me and my relations very grossly. Lord Warwick himself told me one day, that it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us; and, to convince me of what he had said, assured me, that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published. The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted

\* Spence.



with this behaviour of his; that, if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should be not in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him, himself, fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner; I then adjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after.”\*

The verses on Addison, when they were sent to Atterbury, were considered by him as the most excellent of Pope’s performances; and the writer was advised, since he knew where his strength lay, not to suffer it to remain unemployed.

This year (1715) being, by the subscription, enabled to live more by choice, and having persuaded his father to sell their estate at Binfield, he purchased, I think only for his life, that house at Twickenham, to which his residence afterwards procured so much celebration, and removed thither with his father and mother.

Here he planted the vines and the quincunx which his verses mention; and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossile bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto, a place of silence and retreat, from which he endeavoured to persuade his friends and himself, that cares and passions could be excluded.

While the volumes of his Homer were annually published, he collected his former works (1717) into one quarto volume, to which he prefixed a preface, written with great sprightliness and elegance, which was afterwards reprinted, with some passages subjoined that he at first omitted: other marginal additions of the same kind he made in the later editions of his poems. Waller remarks, that

\* See however the Life of Addison, in the *Biographia Britannica*, last edition. R.

poets lose half their praise, because the reader knows not what they have blotted. Pope's voracity of fame taught him the art of obtaining the accumulated honour, both of what he had published, and of what he had suppressed.

The publication of the *Iliad* was at last completed in 1720. The splendour and success of this work raised Pope many enemies, that endeavoured to depreciate his abilities. Burnet, who was afterwards a judge of no mean reputation, censured him in a piece called *Homerides*, before it was published. Duckett likewise endeavoured to make him ridiculous. Dennis was the perpetual persecutor of all his studies. But, whoever his critics were, their writings are lost; and the names which are preserved are preserved in the *Dunciad*.

In this disastrous year (1720) of national infatuation, when more riches than Peru can boast were expected from the South Sea, when the contagion of avarice tainted every mind, and even poets panted after wealth, Pope was seized with the universal passion, and ventured some of his money. The stock rose in its price; and for a while he thought himself the lord of thousands. But this dream of happiness did not last long; and he seems to have waked soon enough to get clear with the loss of what he once thought himself to have won, and perhaps not wholly of that.

Next year he published some select poems of his friend Dr. Parnell, with a very elegant dedication to the earl of Oxford; who, after all his struggles and dangers, then lived in retirement, still under the frown of a victorious faction, who could take no pleasure in hearing his praise.

He gave the same year (1721) an edition of Shakspeare. His name was now of so much authority, that Tonson thought himself entitled, by annexing it, to demand a subscription of six guineas for Shakspeare's plays in six quarto volumes; nor



did his expectation much deceive him ; for, of seven hundred and fifty which he printed, he dispersed a great number at the price proposed. The reputation of that edition indeed sunk afterwards so low, that one hundred and forty copies were sold at sixteen shillings each.

On this undertaking, to which Pope was induced by a reward of two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings, he seems never to have reflected afterwards without vexation ; for Theobald, a man of heavy diligence, with very slender powers, first, in a book called *Shakspeare Restored*, and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies with all the insolence of victory ; and, as he was now high enough to be feared and hated, Theobald had from others all the help that could be supplied, by the desire of humbling a haughty character.

From this time Pope became an enemy to editors, collaters, commentators, and verbal critics ; and hoped to persuade the world, that he miscarried in this undertaking only by having a mind too great for such minute employment.

Soon after the appearance of the *Iliad*, resolving not to let the general kindness cool, he published proposals for a translation of the *Odyssey*, in five volumes, for five guineas. He was willing, however, now to have associates in his labour, being either weary with toiling upon another's thoughts, or having heard, as Ruffhead relates, that Fenton and Broome had already begun the work, and liking better to have them confederates than rivals.

In the patent, instead of saying, that he had "translated" the *Odyssey*, as he had said of the *Iliad*, he says, that he had "undertaken" a translation ; and in the proposals the subscription is said to be not solely for his own use, but for that of "two of his friends who have assisted him in this work."

In 1723, while he was engaged in his new version, he appeared before the lords at the memorable trial of bishop Atterbury, with whom he had lived in great familiarity, and frequent correspondence. He was called at the trial to give an account of Atterbury's domestic life, and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. Pope had but few words to utter, and in those few he made several blunders.

His letters to Atterbury express the utmost esteem, tenderness, and gratitude; "Perhaps," says he, "it is not only in this world that I may have cause to remember the bishop of Rochester." At their last interview in the Tower, Atterbury presented him with a bible.

Of the *Odyssey* Pope translated only twelve books; the rest were the works of Broome and Fenton: the notes were written wholly by Broome, who was not over-liberally rewarded. The public was carefully kept ignorant of the several shares; and an account was subjoined at the conclusion, which is now known not to be true.

The first copy of Pope's books, with those of Fenton, are to be seen in the Museum. The parts of Pope are less interlined than the *Iliad*; and the latter books of the *Iliad* less than the former. He grew dexterous by practice, and every sheet enabled him to write the next with more facility. The books of Fenton had very few alterations by the hand of Pope. Those of Broome have not been found; but Pope complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble in correcting them.

His contract with Lintot was the same as for the *Iliad*, except that only one hundred pounds were to be paid him for each volume. The number of subscribers were five hundred and seventy-four, and of copies eight hundred and nineteen; so that his profit, when he had paid his assistants, was still very considerable. The work was finished in 1725;

and from that time he resolved to make no more translations.

The sale did not answer Lintot's expectations; and he then pretended to discover something of fraud in Pope, and commenced or threatened a suit in Chancery.

On the English *Odyssey* a criticism was published by Spence, at that time prelector of poetry at Oxford; a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful. His criticism, however, was commonly just; what he thought, he thought rightly; and his remarks were recommended by his coolness and candour. In him Pope had the first experience of a critic without malevolence, who thought it as much his duty to display beauties as expose faults; who censured with respect, and praised with alacrity.

With this criticism Pope was so little offended, that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity, attended him in his last hours, and compiled memorials of his conversation. The regard of Pope recommended him to the great and powerful; and he obtained very valuable preferments in the church.

Not long after, Pope was returning home from a visit in a friend's coach, which, in passing a bridge, was overturned into the water; the windows were closed, and being unable to force them open, he was in danger of immediate death, when the postilion snatched him out by breaking the glass, of which the fragments cut two of his fingers in such a manner, that he lost their use.

Voltaire, who was then in England, sent him a letter of consolation. He had been entertained by Pope at his table, where he talked with so much grossness, that Mrs. Pope was driven from the room.

He soon afterwards (1727) joined with Swift, who was then in England, to publish three volumes

of Miscellanies, in which, amongst other things, he inserted the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, in ridicule of Burnet's importance in his own History, and a Debate upon Black and White Horses, written in all the formalities of a legal process, by the assistance, as it is said, of Mr. Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls.

In these Miscellanies was first published the "Art of Sinking in Poetry," which, by such a train of consequences as usually passes in literary quarrels, gave in a short time, according to Pope's account, occasion to the Dunciad.

In the following year (1728) he began to put Atterbury's advice in practice; and showed his satirical powers by publishing the Dunciad, one of his greatest and most elaborate performances, in which he endeavoured to sink into contempt all the writers by whom he had been attacked, and some others whom he thought unable to defend themselves.

At the head of the Dunces he placed poor Theobald, whom he accused of ingratitude; but whose real crime was supposed to be that of having revised Shakspeare more happily than himself. This satire had the effect which he intended, by blasting the characters which it touched. Ralph, who, unnecessarily interposing in the quarrel, got a place in a subsequent edition, complained that for a time he was in danger of starving, as the booksellers had no longer any confidence in his capacity.

The prevalence of this poem was gradual and slow; the plan, if not wholly new, was little understood by common readers. Many of the allusions required illustration; the names were often expressed only by the initial and final letters, and, if they had been printed at length, were such as few had known or recollected. The subject itself had nothing generally interesting, for whom did it concern to know, that one or another scribbler was a

dunce? If therefore it had been possible for those who were attacked to conceal their pain and their resentment, the *Dunciad* might have made its way very slowly in the world.

This, however, was not to be expected; every man is of importance to himself, and, therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and, supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is perhaps the first to publish injuries or misfortunes, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear them will only laugh; for no man sympathises with the sorrows of vanity.

Pope appears to have contemplated his victory over the Dunces with great exultation; and such was his delight in the tumult which he had raised, that for awhile his natural sensibility was suspended, and he read reproaches and invectives without emotion, considering them only as the necessary effects of that pain which he rejoiced in having given.

It cannot however be concealed, that, by his own confession, he was the aggressor: for nobody believes that the letters in the *Bathos* were placed at random; and it may be discovered, that, when he thinks himself concealed, he indulges the common vanity of common men, and triumphs in those distinctions which he had affected to despise. He is proud that his book was presented to the king and queen by the right honourable sir Robert Walpole; he is proud that they had read it before; he is proud that the edition was taken off by the nobility and persons of the first distinction.

Of the *Dunciad* the hint is confessedly taken from Dryden's *Mac Flecnoe*; but the plan is so large and so diversified, as justly to claim the praise of an original, and affords the best specimen that has yet appeared of personal satire ludicrously pompous.

The beauties of this poem are well known; its chief fault is the grossness of its images. Pope and Swift had an unnatural delight in ideas physically impure, such as every tongue utters with unwillingness, and of which every ear shrinks from the mention.

But even this fault, offensive as it is, may be forgiven for the excellence of other passages; such as the formation and dissolution of Moore, the account of the Traveller, the misfortune of the Florist, and the crowded thoughts and stately numbers which dignify the concluding paragraph.

Dennis, upon the fresh provocation now given him, renewed the enmity which for a time had been appeased by mutual civilities; and published remarks, which he had till then suppressed, upon the Rape of the Lock. Many more grumbled in secret, or vented their resentment in the newspapers by epigrams and invectives.

Ducket, indeed, being mentioned as loving Burnet with "pious passion," pretended that his moral character was injured, and for some time declared his resolution to take vengeance with a cudgel. But Pope appeased him, by changing "pious passion" to "cordial friendship," and by a note, in which he vehemently disclaims the malignity of meaning imputed to the first impression.

Aaron Hill, who was represented as diving for the prize, expostulated with Pope in a manner so much superior to all mean solicitation, that Pope was reduced to sneak and shuffle, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologize; he first endeavours to wound, and is then afraid to own that he meant a blow.

The Dunciad, in the complete edition, is addressed to Dr. Swift: of the notes, part were written by Dr. Arbuthnot; and an apologetical Letter was prefixed, signed by Cleland, but supposed to have been written by Pope.



After this general war upon dulness, he seems to have indulged himself a while in tranquillity; but his subsequent productions prove that he was not idle. He published (1731) a poem on Taste, in which he very particularly and severely criticises the house, the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainments, of Timon, a man of great wealth and little taste. By Timon he was universally supposed, and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said, to mean the duke of Chandos; a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had consequently the voice of the public in his favour.

A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation.

The receipt of the thousand pounds Pope publicly denied; but, from the reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of escaping. The name of Cleland was again employed in an apology, by which no man was satisfied; and he was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavour to make that disbelieved which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the duke, which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions. He said, that to have ridiculed his taste, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been less easily excused.

Pope, in one of his Letters, complaining of the treatment which his poem had found, "owns that



such critics can intimidate him, nay almost persuade him to write no more, which is a compliment this age deserves." The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous ; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time will cease to miss him.

The following year deprived him of Gay, a man whom he had known early, and whom he seemed to love with more tenderness than any other of his literary friends. Pope was now forty-four years old ; an age at which the mind begins less easily to admit new confidence ; and the will to grow less flexible ; and when, therefore, the departure of an old friend is very acutely felt.

In the next year he lost his mother, not by an unexpected death, for she had lasted to the age of ninety-three : but she did not die unlamented. The filial piety of Pope was in the highest degree amiable and exemplary ; his parents had the happiness of living till he was at the summit of poetical reputation, till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his respect or tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient ; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than such a son.

One of the passages of Pope's life, which seems to deserve some inquiry, was a publication of Letters between him and many of his friends, which falling into the hands of Curll, a rapacious bookseller of no good fame, were by him printed and sold. This volume containing some letters from noblemen, Pope incited a prosecution against him in the house of lords for breach of privilege, and attended himself to stimulate the resentment of his friends. Curll appeared at the bar, and, knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of Pope with very little reverence : " He has," said Curll, " a knack at versi-

fyng, but in prose I think myself a match for him." When the orders of the house were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed; Curll went away triumphant; and Pope was left to seek some other remedy.

Curll's account was, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered for sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's epistolary correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorised to use his purchase to his own advantage.

That Curll gave a true account of the transaction it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected; and when, some years afterwards, I mentioned it to Lintot, the son of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be, that Pope knew better than any body else how Curll obtained the copies, because another parcel was at the same time sent to himself, for which no price had ever been demanded, as he made known his resolution not to pay a porter, and consequently not to deal with a nameless agent.

Such care had been taken to make them public, that they were sent at once to two booksellers; to Curll, who was likely to seize them as a prey; and to Lintot, who might be expected to give Pope information of the seeming injury. Lintot, I believe, did nothing: and Curll did what was expected. That to make them public was the only purpose may be reasonably supposed, because the numbers offered to sale by the private messengers showed, that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression.

It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of com-

pulsion ; that when he could complain that his letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.

Pope's private correspondence, thus promulgated, filled the nation with praises of his candour, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purposes, and the fidelity of his friendship. There were some letters which a very good or a very wise man would wish suppressed ; but, as they had been already exposed, it was impracticable now to retract them.

From the perusal of those Letters, Mr. Allen first conceived the desire of knowing him ; and with so much zeal did he cultivate the friendship which he had newly formed, that, when Pope told his purpose of vindicating his own property by a genuine edition, he offered to pay the cost.

This however Pope did not accept ; but in time solicited a subscription for a quarto volume, which appeared (1737,) I believe, with sufficient profit. In the Preface he tells, that his letters were deposited in a friend's library, said to be the earl of Oxford's, and that the copy thence stolen was sent to the press. The story was doubtless received with different degrees of credit. It may be suspected, that the Preface to the *Miscellanies* was written to prepare the public for such an incident ; and to strengthen this opinion, James Worsdale, a painter, who was employed in clandestine negotiations, but whose veracity was very doubtful, declared that he was the messenger who carried, by Pope's direction, the books to Curll.

When they were thus published and avowed, as they had relation to recent facts, and persons either then living or not yet forgotten, they may be supposed to have found readers ; but as the facts were minute, and the characters, being either private, or literary, were little known, or little regarded, they awakened no popular kindness or resentment ; the

book never became much the subject of conversation ; some read it as a contemporary history, and some perhaps as a model of epistolary language ; but those who read it did not talk of it. Not much therefore was added by it to fame or envy ; nor do I remember that it produced either public praise, or public censure.

It had, however, in some degree, the recommendation of novelty ; our language had few Letters, except those of statesmen. Howell, indeed, about a century ago, published his letters, which are commended by Morhoff, and which alone, of his hundred volumes, continue his memory. Loveday's Letters were printed only once ; those of Herbert and Suckling are hardly known. Mrs. Phillips's [Orinda's] are equally neglected. And those of Walsh seem written as exercises, and were never sent to any living mistress or friend. Pope's epistolary excellence had an open field ; he had no English rival living or dead.

Pope is seen in this collection as connected with the other contemporary wits, and certainly suffers no disgrace in the comparison ; but it must be remembered, that he had the power of favouring himself ; he might have originally had publication in his mind, and have written with care, or have afterwards selected those which he had most happily conceived, or most diligently laboured ; and I know not whether there does not appear something more studied and artificial\* in his productions than the rest, except one long letter by Bolingbroke, composed with the skill and industry of a professed author. It is indeed not easy to distinguish affectation from habit ; he that has once studiously formed a style rarely writes afterwards with complete ease.

\* These letters were evidently prepared for the press by Pope himself. Some of the originals, lately discovered, prove this beyond all dispute—See Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope's works, recently published.

Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift, perhaps, like a man who remembered he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot, like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind.

Before these letters appeared, he published the first part of what he persuaded himself to think a system of Ethics, under the title of an Essay on Man; which, if his letter to Swift (of Sept. 14, 1725,) be rightly explained by the commentator, had been eight years under his consideration, and of which he seems to have desired the success with great solicitude. He had now many open, and doubtless many secret enemies. The Dunces were yet smarting with the war; and the superiority which he publicly arrogated, disposed the world to wish his humiliation.

All this he knew, and against all this he provided. His own name, and that of his friend to whom the work is inscribed, were, in the first editions, carefully suppressed; and the poem being of a new kind, was ascribed to one or another, as favour determined, or conjecture wandered: it was given, says Warburton, to every man, except him only who could write it. Those who like only when they like the author, and who are under the dominion of a name, condemned it; and those admired it who are willing to scatter praise at random, which, while it is unappropriated, excites no envy. Those friends of Pope, that were trusted with the secret, went about lavishing honours on the new-born poet, and hinting that Pope was never so much in danger from any former rival.

To those authors whom he had personally offended, and to those whose opinion the world considered as decisive, and whom he suspected of envy or malevolence, he sent his Essay as a present before publication, that they might defeat their own enmity by praises, which they could not afterwards decently retract.

With these precautions, 1733, was published the first part of the *Essay on Man*. There had been for some time a report, that Pope was busy upon a *System of Morality*; but this design was not discovered in the new poem, which had a form and a title with which its readers were unacquainted. Its reception was not uniform; some thought it a very imperfect piece, though not without good lines. When the author was unknown, some, as will always happen, favoured him as an adventurer, and some censured him as an intruder: but all thought him above neglect; the sale increased, and editions were multiplied.

The second and third *Epistles* were published; and Pope was, I believe, more and more suspected of writing them; at last, in 1734, he avowed the fourth, and claimed the honour of a moral poet.

In the conclusion it is sufficiently acknowledged, that the doctrine of the *Essay on Man* was received from Bolingbroke, who is said to have ridiculed Pope, among those who enjoyed his confidence, as having adopted and advanced principles of which he did not perceive the consequence, and as blindly propagating opinions contrary to his own. That those communications had been consolidated into a scheme regularly drawn, and delivered to Pope, from whom it returned only transformed from prose to verse, has been reported, but can hardly be true. The *Essay* plainly appears the fabric of a poet; what Bolingbroke supplied could be only the first principles; the order, illustration, and embellishments, must all be Pope's.

These principles it is not my business to clear from obscurity, dogmatism, or falsehood; but they were not immediately examined; philosophy and poetry have not often the same readers; and the *Essay* abounded in splendid amplifications and sparkling sentences, which were read and admired



with no great attention to their ultimate purpose ; its flowers caught the eye, which did not see what the gay foliage concealed, and for a time flourished in the sunshine of universal approbation. So little was an evil tendency discovered, that as innocence is unsuspicious, many read it for a manual of piety.

Its reputation soon invited a translator. It was first turned into French prose, and afterwards by Resnel into verse. Both translations fell into the hands of Crousaz, who first, when he had the version in prose, wrote a general censure, and afterwards reprinted Resnel's version, with particular remarks upon every paragraph.

About this time Warburton began to make his appearance in the first ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervent and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagination, nor clouded his perspicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his pursuits too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him an haughty confidence, which he disdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority, as made his readers commonly his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some who favoured the cause. He seems to have adopted the Roman emperor's determination, *oderint dum metuant* ; he used no allurments of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade.

His style is copious without selection, and forcible without neatness; he took the words that presented themselves; his diction is coarse and impure, and his sentences are unmeasured.



Warburton, whatever was his motive, undertook without solicitation, to rescue Pope from the talons of Crousaz, by freeing him from the imputation of favouring fatality, or rejecting revelation; and from month to month continued a vindication on the Essay on Man, in the literary journal of that time called The Republic of Letters.

Pope, who probably began to doubt the tendency of his own work, was glad that the positions, of which he perceived himself not to know the full meaning, could by any mode of interpretation be made to mean well.

From this time Pope lived in the closest intimacy with his commentator, and amply rewarded his kindness and his zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, by whose interest he became preacher at Lincoln's-inn; and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his neice and his estate, and by consequence a bishoprie. When he died, he left him the property of his works, a legacy which may be reasonably estimated at four thousand pounds.

Pope's fondness for the Essay on Man appeared by his desire of its propagation. Dobson, who had gained reputation by his version of Prior's Solomon, was employed by him to translate it into Latin verse, and was for that purpose some time at Twickenham; but he left his work, whatever was the reason, unfinished; and, by Benson's invitation, undertook the longer task of Paradise Lost. Pope then desired his friend to find a scholar who should turn his Essay into Latin prose; but no such performance has ever appeared.

Pope lived at this time *among the great*, with that reception and respect to which his works entitled him, and which he had not impaired by any private misconduct or factious partiality. Though Bolingbroke was his friend, Walpole was not his enemy; but treated him with so much consideration as, at his request, to solicit and obtain from the French

minister an abbey for Mr. Southcot, whom he considered himself as obliged to reward, by this exertion of his interest, for the benefit which he had received from his attendance in a long illness.

It was said, that, when the court was at Richmond, queen Caroline had declared her intention to visit him. This may have been only a careless effusion, thought on no more: the report of such notice, however, was soon in many mouths; and, if I do not forget or misapprehend Savage's account, Pope, pretending to decline what was not yet offered, left his house for a time, not, I suppose, for any other reason than lest he should be thought to stay at home in expectation of an honour which would not be conferred. He was therefore angry at Swift, who represents him as "refusing the visits of a queen," because he knew that what had never been offered had never been refused.

Beside the general system of morality, supposed to be contained in the *Essay on Man*, it was his intention to write distinct poems upon the different duties or conditions of life; one of which is the *Epistle to Lord Bathurst* (1733) On the Use of Riches, a piece on which he declared great labour to have been bestowed.\*

This is the only piece in which the author has given a hint of his religion, by ridiculing the ceremony of burning the pope, and by mentioning with some indignation the inscription on the monument.

When this poem was first published, the dialogue, having no letters of direction, was perplexed and obscure. Pope seems to have written with no very distinct idea: for he calls that an *Epistle to Bathurst*, in which Bathurst is introduced as speaking.

He afterwards (1734) inscribed to lord Cobham his characters of Men, written with close attention to the operations of the mind and modifications of life. In this poem he has endeavoured to establish and exemplify his favourite theory of the *ruling passion*, by which he means an original direction of desire to some particular object; an innate affection, which gives all action a determinate and invariable tendency, and operates upon the whole system of life, either openly, or more secretly by the intervention of some accidental or subordinate propension.

Of any passion, thus innate and irresistible, the existence may reasonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means constant; men change by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleasure, is at another a lover of money. Those indeed who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humour, but by the first book which they read, some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardour and emulation,

It must at least be allowed, that this *ruling passion*, antecedent to reason and observation, must have an object independent on human contrivance; for there can be no natural desire of artificial good. No man therefore can be born, in the strict acceptation, a lover of money; for he may be born where money does not exist: nor can he be born, in a moral sense, a lover of his country; for society, politically regulated, is a state contradistinguished from a state of nature; and any attention to that coalition of interests which makes the happiness of a country, is possible only to those whom inquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it.

This doctrine is in itself pernicious as well as false ; its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predestination, or over-ruling principle which cannot be resisted ; he that admits it is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself, that he submits only to the lawful dominion of Nature, in obeying the resistless authority of his *ruling passion*.

Pope has formed his theory with so little skill, that, in the examples by which he illustrates it, he has confounded passions, appetites, and habits.

To the characters of Men, he added soon after, in an epistle supposed to have been addressed to Martha Blount, but which the last edition has taken from her, the Characters of Women. This poem, which was laboured with great diligence, and in the author's opinion with great success, was neglected at its first publication, as the commentator supposes, because the public was informed, by an advertisement, that it contained *no character drawn from the life* ; an assertion which Pope probably did not expect nor wish to have been believed, and which he soon gave his readers sufficient reason to distrust, by telling them in a note, that the work was imperfect, because part of his subject was *Vice too high* to be yet exposed.

The time however soon came, in which it was safe to display the dutchess of Marlborough under the name of Atossa ; and her character was inserted with no great honour to the writer's gratitude.

The characters of men and Women are the product of diligent speculation upon human life ; much labour has been bestowed upon them, and Pope very seldom laboured in vain. That this excellence may be properly estimated, I recommend a comparison of his Characters of Women, with Boileau's Satire ; it will then be seen with how much more perspicuity female nature is investi-

gated, and female excellence selected; and he is surely no mean writer to whom Boileau should be found inferior. The Characters of Men, however, are written with more, if not with deeper, thought, and exhibit many passages exquisitely beautiful. The Gem and the Flower will not easily be equalled.

He published from time to time (between 1730 and 1740) Imitations of different poems of Horace, generally with his name, and once, as was suspected, without it. What he was upon moral principles ashamed to own, he ought to have suppressed. Of these pieces it is useless to settle the dates, as they had seldom much relation to the times, and perhaps had been long in his hands.

He published likewise a revival, in smoother numbers, of Dr. Donne's Satires, which was recommended to him by the duke of Shrewsbury and the earl of Oxford. They made no great impression on the public. Pope seems to have known their imbecility, and therefore suppressed them while he was yet contending to rise in reputation, but ventured them when he thought their deficiencies more likely to be imputed to Donne than to himself.

The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which seems to be derived in its first design from Boileau's Address *à son Esprit*, was published in January 1735, about a month before the death of him to whom it is inscribed. It is to be regretted, that either honour or pleasure should have been missed by Arbuthnot; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety.

Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar, with great brilliance of wit;

a wit, who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal.

In this poem Pope seems to reckon with the public. He vindicates himself from censures; and with dignity, rather than arrogance, enforces his own claims to kindness and respect.

His last Satires, of the general kind, were two Dialogues, named, from the year in which they were published, Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight. In these poems many are praised, and many reproached. Pope was then entangled in the opposition; a follower of the prince of Wales, who dined at his house, and the friend of many who obstructed and censured the conduct of the ministers. His political partiality was too plainly shown: he forgot the prudence with which he passed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending, through much more violent conflicts of faction.

About this time Paul Whitehead, a small poet, was summoned before the lords for a poem called *Manners*, together with Dodsley his publisher. Whitehead, who hung loose upon society, sculked and escaped; but Dodsley's shop and family made his appearance necessary. He was, however, soon dismissed; and the whole process was probably intended rather to intimidate Pope, than to punish Whitehead.

Pope never afterwards attempted to join the patriot with the poet, nor drew his pen upon statesmen.

The *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, published about this time, extend only to the first book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of queen Anne, and denominated themselves the *Scriblerus Club*. Their purpose was to censure the abuses of learning by a fictitious life of an infatuated scholar. They were dispersed; the design was never completed; and



Warburton laments its misearriage, as an event very disastrous to polite letters.

Pope had sought for images and sentiments in a region not known to have been explored by many other of the English writers; he had consulted the modern writers of Latin poetry, a class of authors whom Boileau endeavoured to bring into contempt, and who are too generally neglected. Pope, however, was not ashamed of their acquaintance, nor ungrateful for the advantages which he might have derived from it. A small selection from the Italians, who wrote in Latin, had been published at London, about the latter end of the last century, by a man\* who concealed his name, but whom his preface shows to have been well qualified for his undertaking. This collection Pope amplified by more than half, and (1740) published it in two volumes, but injuriously omitted his predecessor's preface. To these books, which had nothing but the mere text, no regard was paid; the authors were still neglected, and the editor was neither praised nor censured.

From the materials which he had provided, he added, at Warburton's request, another book to the *Dunciad*, of which the design is to ridicule such studies as are either hopeless or useless.

When this book was printed (1742), the laurel had been for some time upon the head of Cibber; a man whom it cannot be supposed that Pope could regard with much kindness or esteem, though in one of the *Imitations of Horace* he has liberally enough praised the *Careless Husband*. In the *Dunciad*, among other worthless scribblers, he had mentioned Cibber; who, in his *Apology*, complains of the great poet's unkindness as more injurious,

\* Since discovered to have been Atterbury, afterwards bishop of Rochester.—See the Collection of that prelate's *Epistolary Correspondence*, Vol. IV. p. 6.



"because," says he, "I never have offended him."

It might have been expected that Pope should have been, in some degree, mollified by this submissive gentleness, but no such consequence appeared! Though he condescended to commend Cibber once, he mentioned him afterwards contemptuously in one of his Satires, and again in his Epistle to Arbuthnot; and in the fourth book of the *Dunciad* attacked him with acrimony, to which the provocation is not easily discoverable. Perhaps he imagined, that, in ridiculing the laureat, he satirised those by whom the laurel had been given, and gratified that ambitious petulance with which he affected to insult the great.

The severity of this satire left Cibber no longer any patience. He had confidence enough in his own powers to believe, that he could disturb the quiet of his adversary, and doubtless did not want instigators, who, without any care about the victory, desired to amuse themselves by looking on the contest. He therefore gave the town a pamphlet, in which he declares his resolution from that time never to bear another blow without returning it, and to tire out his adversary by perseverance, if he cannot conquer him by strength.

The pamphlet was written with little power of thought or language, and, if suffered to remain without notice, would have been very soon forgotten. Pope had now been enough acquainted with human life to know, if his passion had not been too powerful for his understanding, that, from a contention like his with Cibber, the world seeks nothing but diversion, which is given at the expense of the higher character. When Cibber lampooned Pope, curiosity was excited; what Pope would say of Cibber nobody inquired, but in hope that Pope's asperity might betray his pain and lessen his dignity.

He should therefore have suffered the pamphlet to flutter and die, without confessing that it stung him.

But Pope's irascibility prevailed, and he resolved to tell the whole English world, that he was at war with Cibber; and, to show that he thought him no common adversary, he prepared no common vengeance; he published a new edition of the *Dunciad*,\* in which he degraded Theobald from his painful pre-eminence, and enthroned Cibber in his stead. Unhappily the two heroes were of opposite characters, and Pope was unwilling to lose what he had already written; he has therefore depraved his poem by giving to Cibber the old books, the old pedantry, and the sluggish pertinacity of Theobald.

Pope was ignorant enough of his own interest, to make another change, and introduced Osborne contending for the prize among the booksellers. Osborne was a man entirely destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He told me, when he was doing that which raised Pope's resentment, that he should be put into the *Dunciad*; but he had the fate of Cassandra. I gave no credit to his prediction, till in time I saw it accomplished. The shafts of satire were directed equally in vain against Cibber and Osborne; being repelled by the impenetrable impudence of one, and deadened by the impassive dulness of the other. Pope confessed his own pain by his anger; but he gave no pain to those who had provoked him.

Cibber, according to his engagement, repaid the *Dunciad* with another pamphlet,† which, Pope said, "would be as good as a dose of hartshorn to him;" but his tongue and his heart were at variance. I have heard Mr. Richardson relate, that he attend-

\* In 1743.

† In 1744.

ed his father the painter on a visit, when one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who said, "These things are my diversion." They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhing with anguish; and young Richardson said to his father when they returned, that he hoped to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope.

From this time, finding his diseases more oppressive, and his vital powers gradually declining, he no longer strained his faculties with any original composition, nor proposed any other employment for his remaining life than the revisal and correction of his former works; in which he received advice and assistance from Warburton, whom he appears to have trusted and honoured in the highest degree.

He lingered through the next year; but perceived himself, as he expresses it, "going down the hill." He had for at least five years been afflicted with an asthma, and other disorders, which his physicians were unable to relieve. Towards the end of his life he consulted Dr. Thomson, a man who had, by large promises, and free censures of the common practice of physic, forced himself up into sudden reputation. Thomson declared his distemper to be a dropsy, and evacuated part of the water by tincture of jalap; but confessed that his belly did not subside. Thomson had many enemies, and Pope was persuaded to dismiss him.

While he was yet capable of amusement and conversation, as he was one day sitting in the air with lord Bolingbroke and lord Marchmont, he saw his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady, who, when he came to her, asked, "What, is

he not dead yet?" She is said to have neglected him, with shameful unkindness, in the latter time of his decay; yet, of the little which he had to leave she had a very great part.

In May, 1744, his death was approaching;\* on the sixth, he was all day delirious, which he mentioned four days afterwards as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man; he afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colours, and one day, in the presenee of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think.

Bolingbroke sometimes wept over him in this state of helpless decay; and being told by Spence, that Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding, answered, "It has so." And added, "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind." At another time he said, "I have known Pope these thirty years, and value myself more in his friendship than"—His grief then suppressed his voice.

Pope expressed undoubting confidence of a future state. Being asked by his friend Mr. Hooke, a papist, whether he would not die like his father and mother, and whether a priest should not be called; he answered, "I do not think it essential, but it will be very right; and I thank you for putting me in mind of it."

In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said, "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

\* Spence.

He died in the evening of the thirtieth day of May, 1744, so placidly, that the attendants did not discern the exact time of his expiration. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his commentator, the bishop of Gloucester.

He left the care of his papers first to lord Bolingbroke; and, if he should not be living, to the earl of Marbmont; undoubtedly expecting them to be proud of the trust, and eager to extend his fame. But let no man dream of influence beyond his life. After a decent time, Dodsley the bookseller went to solicit preference as the publisher, and was told, that the parcel had not been yet inspected; and, whatever was the reason, the world has been disappointed of what was "reserved for the next age."

The person of Pope is well known not to have been formed by the nicest model. He has, in his account of the Little Club, compared himself to a spider, and by another is described as protuberant behind and before. He is said to have been beautiful in his infancy; but he was of a constitution originally feeble and weak; and, as bodies of a tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid.

By natural deformity, or accidental distortion, his vital functions were so much disordered, that his life was a "long disease." His most frequent assaillment was the head-ach, which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

Most of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domestic of the earl of Oxford, who knew him per-

haps after the middle of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of a very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in boddice made of stiff canvass, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almost all away; and he used to dine sometimes with lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tye-wig, and a little sword.

The reputation which his friendship gave procured him many invitations; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was, he left no room for another, because he exacted the attention, and employed the activity, of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him; and the earl of Oxford discharged some of the servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alleged, that they had been employed by Mr. Pope.

He had another fault, easily incident to those who, suffering much pain, think themselves entitled to whatever pleasures they can snatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite: he loved meat highly seasoned and of strong taste; and, at the intervals of the table, amused himself with biscuits

and dry conserves. If he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppress his stomach with repletion; and, though he seemed angry when a dram was offered him, did not forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the avenues to his heart, pampered him with presents of luxury, which he did not suffer to stand neglected. The death of great men is not always proportioned to the lustre of their lives. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by the javelin or the sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

That he loved too well to eat, is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life will not be hastily concluded, when it is remembered, that a conformation so irregular lasted six and fifty years, notwithstanding such pertinacious diligence of study and meditation.

In all his intercourse with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attain all his purposes by indirect and unsuspected methods. "He hardly drank tea without a stratagem." If, at the house of his friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to ask for it in plain terms, but would mention it remotely as something convenient; though, when it was procured, he soon made it appear for whose sake it had been recommended. Thus he teized lord Orrery till he obtained a screen. He practised his arts on such small occasions, that lady Bolingbroke used to say, in a French phrase, that "he played the politician about cabbages and turnips."

In familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that he excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that so near his time, so much should be known



of what he has written, and so little of what he has said.

He was fretful and easily displeased, and allowed himself to be capriciously resentful. He would sometimes leave lord Oxford silently, no one could tell why, and was to be courted back by more letters and messages than the footmen were willing to carry. The table was indeed infested by lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no entreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity, that one or the other quitted the house.

He sometimes condescended to be joecular with servants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either of others or his own, was he ever seen excited to laughter.

Of his domestic character, frugality was a part eminently remarkable. Having determined not to be dependent, he determined not to be in want, and therefore wisely and magnanimously rejected all temptations to expense, unsuitable to his fortune. This general care must be universally approved; but it sometimes appeared in petty artifices of parsimony, such as the practice of writing his compositions on the back of letters, as may be seen in the remaining copy of the *Iliad*, by which perhaps in five years five shillings were saved; or in a niggardly reception of his friends, and scantiness of entertainment, as, when he had two guests in his house, he would set at supper a single pint upon the table; and, having himself taken two small glasses, would retire, and say, "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine." Yet he tells his friends, that "he has a heart for all, a house for all, and, whatever they may think, a fortune for all."

He sometimes, however, made a splendid dinner, and is said to have wanted no part of the skill or elegance which such performances require. That

this magnificence should be often displayed, that obstinate prudence with which he conducted his affairs would not permit; for his revenue, certain and casual, amounted only to about eight hundred pounds a year, of which however he declares himself able to assign one hundred to charity.

Of this fortune, which, as it arose from public approbation, was very honourably obtained, his imagination seems to have been too full; it would be hard to find a man, so well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money. In his letters and in his poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, or some hints of his opulence, are always to be found. The great topic of his ridicule is poverty; the crimes with which he reproaches his antagonists are their debts, their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner. He seems to be of an opinion not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want every thing.

Next to the pleasure of contemplating his possessions, seems to be that of enumerating the men of high rank with whom he was acquainted, and whose notice he loudly proclaims not to have been obtained by any practices of meanness or servility; a boast which was never denied to be true, and to which very few poets have ever aspired. Pope never set his genius to sale, he never flattered those whom he did not love, or praised those whom he did not esteem. Savage however remarked, that he began a little to relax his dignity when he wrote a distich for his highness's dog.

His admiration of the great seems to have increased in the advance of life. He passed over peers and statesmen to inscribe his *Iliad* to Congreve, with a magnanimity of which the praise had been complete, had his friend's virtue been equal to his wit. Why he was chosen for so great an honour, it is now not possible to know; there is no

trace in literary history of any particular intimacy between them. The name of Congreve appears in the Letters among those of his other friends, but without any observable distinction or consequence.

To his latter works, however, he took care to annex names dignified with titles, but was not very happy in his choice: for, except lord Bathurst, none of his noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity; he can derive little honour from the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Bolingbroke.

If the letters of Pope are considered merely as compositions, they seem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write, because there is something which the mind wishes to discharge; and another, to solicit the imagination, because ceremony or vanity require something to be written. Pope confesses his early letters to be vitiated with *affectation and ambition*: to know whether he disentangled himself from these perverters of epistolary integrity, his book and his life must be set in comparison.

One of his favourite topics is contempt of his own poetry. For this, if it had been real, he would deserve no commendation; and in this he was certainly not sincere, for his high value of himself was sufficiently observed; and of what could he be proud but of his poetry? He writes, he says, when "he has just nothing else to do;" yet Swift complains that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he had "always some poetical scheme in his head." It was punctually required that his writing box should be set upon his bed before he rose; and lord Oxford's domestic related, that, in the dreadful winter of forty, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to

supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought.

He pretends insensibility to censure and criticism, though it was observed by all who knew him, that every pamphlet disturbed his quiet, and that his extreme irritability laid him open to perpetual vexation; but he wished to despise his critics, and therefore hoped that he did despise them.

He very frequently professes contempt of the world, and represents himself as looking on mankind, sometimes with gay indifference, as on emets of a hillock, below his serious attention; and sometimes with gloomy indignation, as on monsters more worthy of hatred than of pity. These were dispositions apparently counterfeited. How could he despise those whom he lived by pleasing, and on whose approbation his esteem of himself was superstruted? Why should he hate those to whose favour he owed his honour and his ease? Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge; to despise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just; and if it were just, is not possible. Pope was far enough from this unreasonable temper: he was sufficiently *a fool to Fame*, and his fault was, that he pretended to neglect it. His levity and his sullenness were only in his letters; he passed through common life, sometimes vexed, and sometimes pleased, with the natural emotions of common men.

His scorn of the great is too often repeated to be real; no man thinks much of that which he despises; and as falsehood is always in danger of inconsistency, he makes it his boast at another time that he lives among them.

In the letters both of Swift and Pope there appears such narrowness of mind, as makes them insensible of any excellence that has not some affinity with their own, and confines their esteem and approbation to so small a number, that whoever should

form his opinion of the age from their representation, would suppose them to have lived amidst ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their cotemporaries either virtue or intelligence, and persecuted by those that could not understand them.

The virtues which seem to have had most of his affection, were liberality and fidelity of friendship, in which it does not appear that he was other than he describes himself. His fortune did not suffer his charity to be splendid and conspicuous; but he assisted Dodsley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a shop; and of the subscription of forty pounds a year that he raised for Savage, twenty were paid by himself. He was accused of loving money; but his love was eagerness to gain, not solicitude to keep it.

In the duties of friendship he was zealous and constant; his early maturity of mind commonly united him with men older than himself, and therefore, without attaining any considerable length of life, he saw many companions of his youth sink into the grave; but it does not appear that he lost a single friend by coldness or by injury; those who loved him once, continued their kindness.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the church of Rome, to which, in his correspondence with Ræine, he professes himself a sincere adherent. That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures; a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But to whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief of revelation. The positions which he transmitted from Bolingbroke he

seems not to have understood, and was pleased with an interpretation that made them orthodox.

A man of such exalted superiority, and so little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquencies observed and aggravated; those who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Perhaps it may be imputed to the unwillingness with which the same man is allowed to possess many advantages, that his learning has been depreciated. He certainly was, in his early life, a man of great literary curiosity; and, when he wrote his *Essay on Criticism*, had, for his age, a very wide acquaintance with books. When he entered into the living world, it seems to have happened to him as to many others, that he was less attentive to dead masters; he studied in the academy of Paracelsus, and made the universe his favourite volume. He gathered his notions fresh from reality, not from the copies of authors, but the originals of Nature. Yet there is no reason to believe, that literature ever lost his esteem; he always professed to love reading; and Dobson, who spent some time at his house translating his *Essay on Man*, when I asked him what learning he found him to possess, answered, "More than I expected." His frequent references to history, his allusions to various kinds of knowledge, and his images selected from art and nature, with his observations on the operations of the mind and the modes of life, shew an intelligence perpetually on the wing, excursive, vigorous, and diligent, eager to pursue knowledge, and attentive to retain it.

From this curiosity arose the desire of travelling, to which he alludes in his verses to Jervas, and which, though he never found an opportunity to gratify it, did not leave him till his life declined.

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt



and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen, and what to be rejected; and, in the works of others, what was to be shunned, and what was to be copied.

But good sense alone is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy. Pope had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring.

To assist these powers, he is said to have had great strength and exactness of memory. That which he had heard or read was not easily lost; and he had before him not only what his own meditations suggested, but what he had found in other writers that might be accommodated to his present purpose.

These benefits of nature he improved by incessant and unwearied diligence; he had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information; he consulted the living as well as the dead; he read his compositions to his friends, and was never content with mediocrity, when excellence could be attained. He considered poetry as the business of his life; and, however he might seem to lament his occupation, he followed it with constancy; to make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last.

From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered any thing that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time.



He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure. He laboured his works first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

The method of Pope, as may be collected from his translation, was to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.

With such faeulties, and such dispositions, he excelled every other writer in poetical prudenece : he wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few hazards. He used almost always the same fabrie of verse ; and, indeed, by those few essays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity.

But what was yet of more importance, his effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. His independenece secured him from drudging at a task, and labouring upon a barren topic. His poems, therefore, were scarcely ever temporary. He suffered coronations and royal marriages to pass without a song ; and derived no opportunities from recent events, or any popularity from the accidental disposition of his readers.

His publications were for the same reason never hasty. He is said to have sent nothing to the press till it had lain two years under his inspection ; it is at least certain, that he ventured nothing without nice examination. He suffered the tumult of imagination to subside, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. He knew that the mind is always enamoured of its own productions, and did not trust his first fondness. He consulted his friends, and listened with great willingness to criticism ; and, what was of more importance, he consulted himself, and let nothing pass against his own judgment.

He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with un-

varied liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment, of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of *Thirty-eight*; of which Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied: "Almost every line,"

he said, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found, that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collected his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the

varied exuberance of abundant vegetation ; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet ; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert ; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates ; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more ; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope ; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity ; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

Pope had, in proportions very nicely adjusted to each other, all the qualities that constitute genius. He had invention, by which new trains of events are formed, and new scenes of imagery displayed, as in the Rape of the Lock ; and by which extrinsic and adventitious embellishments and illustrations are connected with a known subject, as in the Essay on Criticism. He had imagination, which strongly impresses on the writer's mind, and enables him to convey to the reader, the various forms of nature,

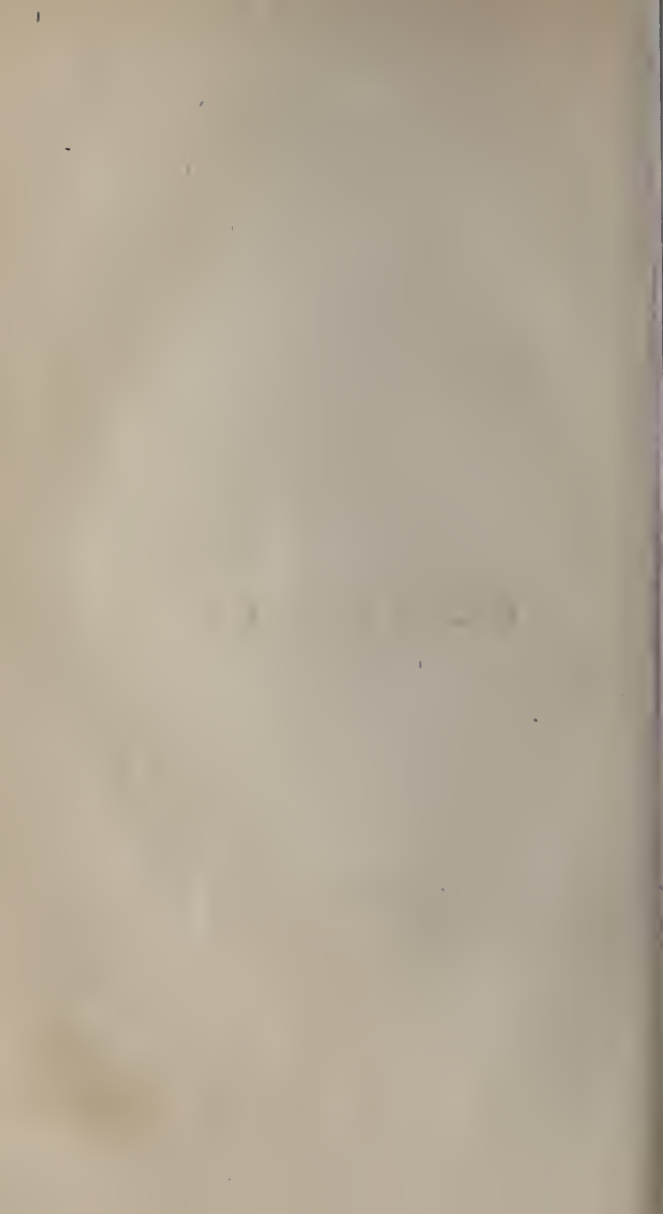
incidents of life, and energies of passion, as in his *Eloisa*, *Windsor Forest*, and the *Ethic Epistles*. He had judgment, which selects from life or nature what the present purpose requires, and by separating the essence of things from its concomitants, often makes the representation more powerful than the reality; and he had colours of language before him, ready to decorate his matter with every grace of elegant expression, as when he accommodates his diction to the wonderful multiplicity of Homer's sentiments and descriptions.

Poetical expression includes sound as well as meaning; "Music," says Dryden, "is inarticulate poetry;" among the excellences of Pope, therefore, must be mentioned the melody of his metre. By perusing the works of Dryden, he discovered the most perfect fabric of English verse, and habituated himself to that only, which he found the best; in consequence of which restraint, his poetry has been censured as too uniformly musical, and as glutting the ear with unvaried sweetness. I suspect this objection to be the cant of those who judge by principles rather than perception; and who would even themselves have less pleasure in his works, if he had tried to relieve attention by studied discords, or affected to break his lines and vary his pauses.

But though he was thus careful of his versification, he did not oppress his powers with superfluous rigour. He seems to have thought with Boileau, that the practice of writing might be refined till the difficulty should overbalance the advantage. The construction of his language is not always strictly grammatical; with those rhymes which prescription had conjoined he contented himself, without regard to Swift's remonstrances, though there was no striking consonance; nor was he very careful to vary his terminations, or to refuse admission, at a small distance, to the same rhymes.

It is remarked by Watts, that there is scarcely a happy combination of words, or a phrase poetically elegant in the English language, which Pope has not inserted into his version of Homer. How he obtained possession of so many beauties of speech, it were desirable to know. That he gleaned from authors, obscure as well as eminent, what he thought brilliant or useful, and preserved it all in a regular collection, is not unlikely. When, in his last years, Hall's Satires were shown him, he wished that he had seen them sooner.

After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, Whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, if Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition, will only show the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us inquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined, and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed. Had he given the world only his version, the name of poet must have been allowed him; if the writer of the Iliad were to class his successors, he would assign a very high place to his translator, without requiring any other evidence of genius.





**PASTORALS.**



# PASTORALS.

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## I.

### *SPRING; OR DAMON.*

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the silvan strains,  
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains :  
Fair Thames ! flow gently from thy sacred spring,  
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing ;  
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,  
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,  
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,  
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,  
To all the world illustriously are lost !

O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,  
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :  
So when the nightingale to rest removes,  
The thrush may chaunt to the forsaken groves ;  
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,  
And all the' ærial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,  
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse,  
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,  
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair ;  
'The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,  
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied :

*Daph.* Hear how the birds on every blooming  
 With joyous music wake the dawning day! [spray  
 Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,  
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?  
 Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,  
 And lavish Nature paints the purple year? [strain,

*Streph.* Sing then, and Damon shall attend the  
 While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain:  
 Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;  
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.  
 I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,  
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

*Daph.* And I this bowl where wanton ivy twines,  
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:  
 Four figures rising from the work appear,  
 The various seasons of the rolling year;  
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,  
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

*Dam.* Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses  
 sing;  
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;  
 Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground;  
 Begin, the vales shall every note rebound.

*Streph.* Inspire me, Phebus! in my Delia's praise,  
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays:  
 A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,  
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

*Daph.* O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,  
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:  
 No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,  
 Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

*Streph.* Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,  
 Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;  
 But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,  
 And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

*Daph.* The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;  
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;  
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,  
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

*Streph.* O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,  
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;  
Bless'd Thames's shore the brightest beauties yield,  
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

*Daph.* Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;  
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:  
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,  
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

*Streph.* All nature mourns, the skies relent in  
show'rs,  
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;  
If Delia smile the flowers begin to spring,  
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

*Daph.* All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and  
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air; [fair,  
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,  
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

*Streph.* In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,  
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,  
But Delia always; absent from her sight,  
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon, delight.

*Daph.* Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,  
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day:  
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;  
But bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

*Streph.* Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil  
appears

A wondrous tree, that sacred monarchs bears?\*

\* An allusion to the royal oak, in which Charles II. had been  
hid from his pursuers after the battle of Worcester.

Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,  
 And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes. [fields  
*Daph.* Nay, tell me first, in what more happy  
 The thistle springs, to which the lily yields\* :  
 And then a nobler prize I will resign ;  
 For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

*Dam.* Cease to contend ; for, Daphnis, I decree  
 The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.  
 Bless'd swains, whose nymphs in every grace excel ;  
 Bless'd nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so  
 well !

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,  
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs ;  
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,  
 While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around ;  
 For see ! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,  
 And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.

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## II.

### SUMMER ; OR ALEXIS.

TO MR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)  
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,  
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,  
 And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.  
 Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,  
 'The flocks around a dumb compassion show,

\* Alludes to the device of the Scots monarchs, the thistle, worn by Queen Anne : and to the arms of France, the fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. 3d.

The Naiads wept in every watry bow'r,  
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O Garth! the Muse's early lays,  
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;  
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,  
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,  
Defence from Phæbus', not from Cupid's beams,  
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,  
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.  
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,  
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?  
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,  
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.  
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,  
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses! in what lawn or grove,  
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?  
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,  
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?  
As in the crystal spring I view my face,  
Fresh rising blushes paint the watry glass;  
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,  
I shun the fountains which I sought before.  
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,  
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;  
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,  
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,  
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:  
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,  
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.  
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath  
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death;



He said, 'Alexis, take this pipe, the same  
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name.—  
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,  
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.

Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r  
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!  
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,  
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,  
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:  
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,  
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring;  
Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,  
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.  
For you the swains the fairest flowers design,  
And in one garland all their beauties join;  
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,  
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in silvan scenes appear!  
Descending gods have found Elysium here.  
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,  
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.  
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,  
When swains from sheering seek their nightly  
bow'rs;

When weary reapers quit the sultry field,  
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.  
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,  
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.  
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,  
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.  
O deign to visit our forsaken seats,  
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!  
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,  
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;

Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,  
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.  
 Oh how I long with you to pass my days,  
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise !  
 Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,  
 And winds shall waft it to the powers above.  
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,  
 The wondering forests soon should dance again ;  
 The moving mountains hear the powerful call,  
 And headlong streams hang listening in their fall !

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,  
 The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,  
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove :  
 Ye gods ! and is there no relief for love ?—  
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends  
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends :  
 On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,  
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

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### III.

#### *AUTUMN; OR HYLAS AND ÆGON.*

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,  
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays ;  
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,  
 And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.  
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred suecour bring,  
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,  
 The art of Terence, and Menander's fire ;  
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,  
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms ;

O, skill'd in nature ! see the hearts of swains,  
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,  
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light ;  
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,  
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains  
groan.

' Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !  
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.  
As some sad turtle his lost love deploras,  
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores ;  
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,  
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.

' Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !  
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song ;  
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny ;  
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.  
Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,  
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,  
Ye trees, that fade when autumn-heats remove,  
Say, is not absence death to those who love ?

' Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !  
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay :  
Fade every blossom, wither every tree,  
Die every flower, and perish all but she.—  
What have I said ? Where'er my Delia flies,  
Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise !  
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,  
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

' Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !  
The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,  
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,  
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.  
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,  
Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,

Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,  
Arc half so charming as thy sight to me.

‘Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!  
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?  
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,  
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.  
Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!  
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?

She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,  
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!’  
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor-groves admir’d—  
Reharse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir’d.

‘Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!  
Of perjur’d Doris, dying, I complain;  
Here where the mountains, lessening as they rise,  
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:  
While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,  
In their loose tracks from the field retreat:  
While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,  
And the fleet shades glide o’er the dusky green.

‘Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!  
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass’d the day:  
Oft on the rind I carv’d her amorous vows,  
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:—  
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;  
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

‘Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!  
Now bright Arcturus glads the tecming grain;  
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,  
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;  
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove:  
Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

‘Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!  
The shepherds cry, “Thy flocks are left a prey.”—

Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,  
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep!  
 Pan came, and ask'd, "What magie caus'd my smart,  
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?"  
 What eyes but her's, alas, have power to move!  
 And is there magie, but what dwells in love!

'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!  
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains;  
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,  
 Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!  
 I know thee, Love, on foreign mountains bred,  
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed;  
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,  
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!  
 Farewell, ye woods; adieu the light of day!  
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,  
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,  
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,  
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,  
 And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.



## IV.

*WINTER; OR DAPHNE.*

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

*Lycidas.*

THYRSIS! the music of that murmuring spring  
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;  
 Nor rivers winding through the vales below,  
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,  
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky;  
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,  
O sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

*Thyr.* Behold the groves that shine with silver  
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. [frost,  
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,  
That call'd the listening Dryads to the plain?  
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,  
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

*Lyc.* So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,  
And swell the future harvest of the field.  
Begin: this charge the dying Daphne gave,  
And said, 'Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!'  
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,  
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

*Thyr.* Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring;  
Let nymphs and silvans cypress-garlands bring:  
Ye weeping loves, the stream with myrtles hide,  
And break your bows, as when Adonis died;  
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,  
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

'Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore,  
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!'

'Tis done; and nature's various charms decay,  
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!  
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,  
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.  
See, where on earth the flowery glories lie,  
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.  
Ah! what avail the beauties nature wore?  
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,  
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood;

The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,  
In notes more sad than when they sing their own ;  
In hollow eaves sweet Echo silent lies,  
Silent, or only to her name replies ;  
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore :  
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more !

No grateful dews descend from evening skies,  
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise ;  
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,  
Nor fragrant herbs the native incense yield.  
The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,  
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath ;  
The' industrious bees neglect their golden store :  
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more !

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,  
Shall, listening in mid air, suspend their wings ;  
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,  
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays ;  
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,  
A sweeter music than their own to hear ;  
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,  
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more !

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,  
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees ;  
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,  
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood ;  
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears  
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears ;  
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,  
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more !

But see ! where Daphne wondering mounts on  
Above the clouds, above the starry sky !      [high  
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,  
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green !



There while you rest in amaranthine bowers,  
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,  
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,  
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more !

*Lyc.* How all things listen, while thy Muse complains !

Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,  
In some still evening, when the whispering breeze  
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.  
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,  
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.  
While plants their shade, or flowers their odours  
give,

Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live !

*Thyr.* But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dew ;  
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse ;  
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,  
Time conquers all, and we must time obey.  
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves ;  
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves ;  
Adieu, my flocks ; farewell, ye silvan crew ;  
Daphne, farewell ; and all the world adieu !



# MESSIAH.

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## *A SACRED ECLOGUE.*

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

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### ADVERTISEMENT.

In reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it; I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect that the eclogue was taken from a sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

---

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.  
The mossy fountains, and the silvan shades,  
The dreams of Pindus, and the' Aonian maids,  
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire  
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun ;  
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son !\*  
 From Jesse's† root behold a branch arise,  
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :  
 The' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.  
 Ye heavens!‡ from high the dewy nectar pour,  
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!  
 The sick§ and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail!  
 Returning Justice|| lift aloft her scale;  
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
 And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.  
 Swift fly the years, and rise the' expected morn!  
 O spring to light, auspicious babe! be born.

## IMITATIONS.

\* Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;

Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.

Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,

Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

‘Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.’

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14. ‘Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son.’—Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7: ‘Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.’

† Isa. xi. ver. 1.

‡ Ch. xiv. ver. 8.

§ Ch. xxv. ver. 4.

|| Ch. ix. ver. 7.

See Nature hastes her earliest wreathes to bring,\*  
 With all the incense of the breathing spring;  
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance:  
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,  
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!  
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;†  
 Prepare the way!§ a God, a God appears!

## IMITATIONS.

\* Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,  
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus  
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—  
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

‘For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocasia, with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.’

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 1. ‘The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.’—  
 Ch. lx. ver. 13: ‘The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.’

† Chap. xxxv. ver. 2.

‡ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,  
 Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—  
 Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant  
 Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,  
 Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca!

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

‘O come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, a God, a God!’

Isaiah, chap. xl. ver. 3, 4. ‘The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the desert a highway for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.’ Chap. xlv. ver. 23:

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;  
 The rocks proclaim the' approaching Deity.  
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!  
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise;  
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay!  
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!  
 'The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold:  
 Hear him,\* ye dead, and all ye blind behold!  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:  
 'Tis he the' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm the' unfolding ear:  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,  
 From every face he wipes off every tear.  
 In† adamantine chains shall Death be bound,  
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel the' eternal wound.  
 As the good shepherd‡ tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,  
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,  
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;  
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,  
 The promis'd father|| of the future age.

## IMITATIONS.

'Break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.'

§ Isa. xl. ver. 3, 4.

\* Ch. xliii. ver. 18.

Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

† Ch. xxv. ver. 8.

‡ Ch. xl. ver. 11.

|| Ch. ix. ver. 6.

No more shall\* nation against nation rise,  
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;  
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.  
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful† son  
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.  
 The swain in barren‡ deserts with surprise  
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;§  
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
 Waste|| sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,  
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;

\* Isa. ii. ver. 4.

† Ch. lxxv. ver. 21, 22.

‡ Ch. xxxv. ver. 1. 7.

## IMITATIONS.

§ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,  
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,  
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

‘The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild hrambles, and the hard oaks shall distil honey like dew.’

Isaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 7. ‘The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty lands springs of water: in the habitation where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds, and rushes.—Chap. lv. ver. 13: ‘Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and in stead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree.’

|| Ch. xli. ver. 19, and Ch. lv. ver. 13.



To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,  
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed. [mead,  
 The lambs\* with wolves shall graze the verdant  
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;†  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless serpents‡ lick the pilgrim's feet;  
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
 Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,  
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.  
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,§ rise!!  
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!

\* Isa. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

#### IMITATIONS.

Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ  
 Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—  
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni  
 Occidet —

‘The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.’

Isaiah, chap. xi. ver. 16, &c. ‘The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.’

† Ch. lxxv. ver. 25.

‡ Ch. lx. ver. 1.

§ The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the lofliest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

—toto surget gens aurea mundo!

—incipient magni procedere menses!

Adspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah here cited.

See a long race\* thy spacious courts adorn;  
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn,  
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!  
 See barbarous nations† at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan‡ springs!  
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
 See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.  
 No more the rising sun§ shall gild the morn,  
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;  
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!  
 The seas|| shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;—  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

\* Isa lx. ver. 4.

† Ch. lx. ver. 3.

‡ Ch. lx. ver. 6.

§ Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.

|| Ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

# WINDSOR-FOREST.

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TO THE

*RT. HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.*

---

Non injussa cano : te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,  
Te nemus omne cānet : nec Phœbo grātor ulla est,  
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen. VIRG.

---

THY forest, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,  
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,  
Invite my lays. Be present, silvan maids !  
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades,  
Granville commands : your aid, O Muses, bring !  
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing ?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,  
Live in description, and look green in song :  
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,  
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.  
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,  
Here earth and water seem to strive again ;  
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,  
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd :  
Where order in variety we see,  
And where, though all things differ, all agree.  
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,  
And part admit, and part exclude the day ;

As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,  
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.  
There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,  
Thin trees arise that shun each others shades.  
Here in full light the russet plains extend :  
There wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.  
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,  
And midst the desert fruitful fields arise,  
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,  
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.  
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we  
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,  
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,  
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.  
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,  
Though gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,  
Than what more humble mountains offer here,  
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.  
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,  
Here blushing Flora paints the' enamell'd ground,  
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,  
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ;  
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,  
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,  
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,  
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,  
And kings more furious and severe than they ;  
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,  
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :  
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,  
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves)  
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,  
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd ?

In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,  
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain :  
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,  
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.  
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain  
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ?  
Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,  
But while the subject starv'd the beast was fed.  
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,  
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :  
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,  
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.  
The fields are ravish'd from the industrious swains,  
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :  
The level'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;  
The hollow winds through naked temples roar ;  
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd ;  
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ;  
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,  
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.  
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,  
The oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,  
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,  
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.  
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,  
The wanton victims of his sport remain.  
But see, the man, who spacious regions gave  
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave !  
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,  
At once the chaser, and at once the prey !  
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,  
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart !  
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,  
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise :

Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,  
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,  
The forest wonder'd at the' unusual grain,  
And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.  
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears  
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vigorous swains! while youth ferments your  
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood, [blood,  
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,  
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.  
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,  
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,  
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,  
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;  
But when the tainted gales the game betray,  
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;  
Secure they trust the' unfaithful field beset,  
Till hovering o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.  
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)  
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,  
Some thoughtlesstown, with ease and plenty bless'd,  
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;  
Sudden they seize the' amaz'd, defenceless prize,  
And in high air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,  
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:  
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,  
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.  
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,  
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,  
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,  
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,  
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.

To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,  
And trace the mazes of the circling hare :  
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,  
And learn of man each other to undo.)  
With slaughtering guns the' unwearied fowler roves,  
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves,  
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,  
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.  
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;  
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :  
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,  
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death :  
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,  
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,  
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,  
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,  
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :  
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,  
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.  
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,  
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,  
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,  
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,  
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,  
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car :  
The youth rush eager to the silvan war,  
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks around,  
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.  
The' impatient courser pants in every vein,  
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :  
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,  
And ere he starts a thousand steps are lost.



See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,  
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,  
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,  
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

Lest old Arcadia boast her ample plain,  
The' immortal huntress, and her virgin train :  
Nor envy, Windsor ! since thy shades have seen  
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen ;  
Whose care, like her's, protects the silvan reign,  
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old, Diana stray'd,  
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor's shade ;  
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,  
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove ;  
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,  
Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,  
Thy offspring, Thames ! the fair Lodona nam'd ;  
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,  
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)  
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,  
But by the crescent and the golden zone.  
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care ;  
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair ;  
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,  
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.  
It chanc'd, as eager of the chase, the maid  
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,  
Pan saw and lov'd, and, burning with desire,  
Pursued her flight ; her flight increas'd his fire.  
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly  
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky ;  
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves, [doves ;  
When through the clouds he drives the trembling

As from the god she flew with furious pacc,  
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chase :  
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears ;  
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears ;  
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,  
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun ;  
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,  
Pants on her neck, and fans her panting hair.  
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,  
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.  
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain ;  
    ' Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy train,  
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,  
My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.'  
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,  
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.  
'The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,  
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;  
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,  
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.  
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,  
And with celestial tears augments the waves.  
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies  
The headlong mountains and the downward skies ;  
The watery landscape of the pendent woods,  
And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;  
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,  
And floating forests paint the waves with green,  
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering  
    streams,  
Then foaming poor along, and rush into the  
    Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!  
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;

Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,  
And future navies on thy shores appear.  
Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives  
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives,  
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,  
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.  
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,  
While led along the skies his current strays,  
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,  
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods :  
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,  
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;  
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,  
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,  
His sovereign favours, and his country loves :  
Happy next him, who to the shades retires,  
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires :  
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,  
Successive study, exercise, and ease.  
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,  
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields :  
With chemic art exalts the mineral pow'rs,  
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs :  
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high :  
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;  
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,  
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er ;  
Or wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,  
Attends the duties of the wise and good,  
To' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,  
To follow nature, and regard his end ;  
Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal eyes,  
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,

Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,  
 Survey the region, and confess her home!  
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd :—  
 Thus Attieus, and Trumbal thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine ; that all my soul possess,  
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,  
 Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,  
 The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens ;  
 To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,  
 Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.  
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,  
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall  
 I seem through consecrated walks to rove ; [flow.]  
 I hear soft music die along the grove :  
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,  
 By godlike poets venerable made :  
 Here his first lays majestic Denham sung ;  
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's  
 Oh, early lost ! what tears the river shed, [tongue :  
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led !  
 His drooping swans on every note expire,  
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice ;  
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;  
 Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley  
 His living harp, and lofty Denham sung ? [strung  
 But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !  
 Are these reviv'd, or is it Granville sings ?  
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,  
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;  
 To paint anew the flowery silvan scenes,  
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,  
 Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,  
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;

To sing those honours you deserve to wear,  
And add new lustre to her silver star !

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,  
Surrey, the Granville of a former age :  
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,  
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :  
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,  
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :  
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,  
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

O wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,  
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,  
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains  
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains ;  
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,  
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,  
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field,  
The lilies blazing on the regal shield ;  
Then from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,  
And leave inanimate the naked wall ;  
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,  
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,  
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.  
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,  
And, fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps :  
Whom not the extended Albion could contain,  
From old Belerium\* to the northern main,  
The grave unites ; where ev'n the great find rest,  
And blended lie the oppressor and the oppress'd !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known  
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone ;)

\* From Bellerus, a Cornish Giant : that part of Cornwall called the Land's End.

Oh, fact accurs'd? what tears has Albion shed,  
Heav'ns! what new wounds! and how her old have  
She saw her sons with purple death expire, [bled!  
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,  
A dreadful series of intestine wars,  
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.

At length great Anna said, 'Let Discord cease!'  
She said: the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that bless'd moment from his oozy bed  
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;  
His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream  
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:  
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides  
His swelling waters, and alternate tides;  
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,  
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.  
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,  
Who swell with tributary urns his flood;  
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,  
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame;  
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;  
The Lodden slow, with verdant alders crown'd;  
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;  
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:  
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;  
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;  
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;  
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,  
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)  
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes  
Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise;  
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,  
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore:—

‘ Hail, sacred peace ! hail, long-expected days,  
That Thames’s glory to the stars shall raise !  
Though Tyber’s streams immortal Rome behold,  
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,  
From Heav’n itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,  
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ;  
These now no more shall be the Muse’s themes,  
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.  
Let Volga’s banks with iron squadrons shine,  
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine ;  
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train,  
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.  
No more my sons shall dye with British blood  
Red Iber’s sands, or Ister’s foaming flood :  
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain  
Shall tend the flocks or reap the bearded grain ;  
The shady empire shall retain no trace  
Of war or blood, but in the silvan chase ;  
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,  
And arms employ’d on birds and beasts alone.  
Behold ! the’ ascending villas on my side,  
Project long shadows o’er the crystal tide ;  
Behold ! Augusta’s glittering spires increase,  
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.  
I see, I see, where two fair eities bend  
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend !  
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,  
The world’s great oracle in times to come :  
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen  
Once more to bend before a British queen.  
‘ Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their  
And half thy forests rush into the floods, [woods,  
Bear Britain’s thunder, and her cross display  
To the bright regions of the rising day ;



Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,  
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;  
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,  
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!  
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,  
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,  
The pearly shell its lueid globe infold,  
And Phæbus warm the ripening ore to gold.  
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,  
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,  
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,  
And seas but join the regions they divide;  
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,  
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.  
'Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,  
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side;  
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire  
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!  
O stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,  
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more;  
Till the freed Indians in their native groves  
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;  
Peru once more a race of kings behold,  
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.  
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,  
In brazen bonds, shall barbarous Discord dwell:  
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,  
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:  
'There purple Vengeance, bath'd in gore, retires,  
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:  
'There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,  
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:  
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,  
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.'

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays  
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days :  
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,  
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.  
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,  
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,  
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,  
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.  
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,  
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise!  
Enough for me, that to the listening swains  
First in these fields I sung the silvan strains.

THE  
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

*AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1712.

---

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good-nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct: this I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies; let an action be ever so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrusian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the con-

cern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book, called 'Le Comte de Gabalis,' which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The gnomes, or demons of earth, delight in mischief: but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best conditioned creatures imaginable; for, they say, any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts,—an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE  
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

---

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;  
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

MART.

---

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,  
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,  
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:  
'This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:  
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,  
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel  
A well-bred lord to' assault a gentle belle?  
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,  
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?  
In tasks so bold can little men engage,  
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,  
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day.  
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,  
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:  
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,  
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.  
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,  
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:  
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed  
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head:

A youth more glittering than a birthnight beau,  
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)  
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,  
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say :

‘ Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish’d care  
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air !  
If e’er one vision touch’d thy infant thought,  
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught ;  
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,  
The silver token and the circled green,  
Or virgins visited by angel pow’rs,  
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flow’rs;  
Hear and believe ! thy own importance know,  
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.  
Some sacred truths, from learned pride conceal’d,  
To maids alone and children are reveal’d ;  
What though no credit doubting wits may give,  
The fair and innocent shall still believe.  
Know then, unnumber’d spirits round thee fly,  
The light militia of the lower sky :  
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,  
Hang o’er the box, and hover round the ring.  
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,  
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.  
As now your own, our beings were of old,  
And once inclos’d in woman’s beauteous mould ;  
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair  
From earthly vehicles to those of air.  
Think not, when woman’s transient breath is fled,  
That all her vanities at once are dead ;  
Succeeding vanities she still regards,  
And, though she plays no more, o’erlooks the cards.  
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,  
And love of ombre, after death survive.

For when the fair in all their pride expire,  
 To their first elements their souls retire :  
 'The sprites of fiery termagants in flame  
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name.  
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,  
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.  
 The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,  
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.  
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,  
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

' Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste  
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd :  
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease  
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.  
 What guards the purity of melting maids,  
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,  
 Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,  
 The glanee by day, the whisper in the dark ;  
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,  
 When music softens, and when dancing fires ?  
 'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,  
 Though honour is the word with men below.

' Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their  
 For life predestin'd to the gnomes' embrace. [face,  
 These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,  
 When offers are disdain'd, and love denied :  
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,  
 While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,  
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear,  
 And in soft sounds, "your Grace" salutes their ear.  
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,  
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,  
 Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,  
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau.



' Oft, when the world imagine women stray,  
 The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way ;  
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,  
 And old impertinence expel by new.  
 What tender maid but must a victim fall  
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball ?  
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,  
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand ;  
 With varying vanities, from every part,  
 They shift the moving toyshop of their heart ;  
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-  
     knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.  
 ' This erring mortals levity may call ;  
 Oh, blind to truth ! the sylphs contrive it all.

' Of these am I, who thy protection claim,  
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.  
 Late as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,  
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,  
 I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,  
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend,  
 But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where :  
 Warn'd by thy sylph, O pious maid, beware !  
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can :  
 Beware of all, but most beware of man !'

He said ; when Shock, who thought she slept too  
     long,  
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.  
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,  
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux ;  
 Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,  
 But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,  
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,  
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.  
A heavenly image in the glass appears,  
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;  
The' inferior priestess at her altar's side,  
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.  
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here  
The various offerings of the world appear ;  
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.  
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.  
The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.  
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,  
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.  
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;  
The fair each moment rises in her charms,  
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,  
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;  
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.  
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,  
These set the head, and those divide the hair,  
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;  
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

---

*CANTO II.*

Nor with more glories, in the' ethereal plain,  
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,  
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams  
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her  
But every eye was fix'd on her alone. [shone,  
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.  
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :  
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide :  
If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,  
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind  
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck  
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck  
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,  
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.  
With hairy springes we the birds betray,  
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,  
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The' adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd ;  
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.  
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,  
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;  
For when success a lover's toil attends,  
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd  
Propitious Heav'n, and every power ador'd,  
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,  
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,  
And all the trophies of his former loves;  
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,  
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.  
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes  
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:  
The powers gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,  
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,  
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:  
While melting music steals upon the sky,  
And soften'd sounds along the waters die:  
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,  
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.  
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,  
The' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.  
He summons straight his denizens of air;  
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:  
Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,  
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.  
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,  
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;  
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,  
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.  
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,  
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,  
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,  
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,  
While every beam new transient colours flings,  
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.  
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,  
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;  
His purple pinions opening to the sun,  
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:—

‘ Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear,  
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!  
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign’d  
By laws eternal to the’ ærial kind.  
Some in the fields of purest ether play,  
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:  
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,  
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky:  
Some, less refin’d, beneath the moon’s pale light  
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,  
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,  
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,  
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,  
Or o’er the glebe distil the kindly rain.  
Others, on earth, o’er human race preside,  
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide;  
Of these the chief the care of nations own,  
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

‘ Our humbler province is to tend the fair,  
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;  
To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
Nor let the’ imprison’d essences exhale;  
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow’rs;  
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show’rs,  
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,  
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;  
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,  
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

‘ This day black omens threat the brightest fair  
That e’er deserv’d a watchful spirit’s care;  
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;  
But what, or where, the fates have wrap’d in night.  
Whether the nymph shall break Diana’s law,  
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;

Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;  
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade ;  
 Or lose her heart, or necklaee, at a ball ;  
 Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shoek must fall.  
 Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :  
 The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care ;  
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;  
 And Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;  
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Loek ;  
 Aricl himself shall be the guard of Shoek.

‘ To fifty chosen sylphs, of speeial note,  
 We trust the' important charge, the petticoat :  
 Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,  
 Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale ;  
 Form a strong line about the silver bound,  
 And guard the wide circumference around.

‘ Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,  
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,  
 Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;  
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,  
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :  
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,  
 While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain ;  
 Or allum styptics with contracting pow'r  
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r.  
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel  
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,  
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,  
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !’

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend :  
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;  
 Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair ;  
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ;

With beating hearts the dire event they wait,  
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

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*CANTO III.*

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,  
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,  
There stands a structure of majestic frame, [name.  
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its  
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom  
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;  
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;  
In various talk the' instructive hours they past,  
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;  
One speaks the glory of the British queen,  
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;  
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;  
At every word a reputation dies.  
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,  
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,  
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;  
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang, that jury-men may dine ;  
The merchant from the' Exchange returns in peace,  
And the long labours of the toilet cease.  
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,  
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,  
At ombre singly to decide their doom,  
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.



Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,  
Each band the number of the sacred nine.  
Soon as she spreads her hand, the' ærial guard  
Descend, and sit on each important card :  
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,  
Then each according to the rank they bore ;  
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,  
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,  
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard ;  
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,  
The' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r ;  
Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,  
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;  
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,  
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :  
' Let spades be trumps !' she said ; and trumps they

Now move to war her sable matadores, [were.  
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors :  
Spadillo first, unconquerable lord !  
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.  
As many more Manilio forc'd to yield,  
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.  
Him basto follow'd, but his fate more hard  
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.  
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,  
The hoary majesty of spades appears,  
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,  
The rest his many colour'd robe conceal'd.  
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,  
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.  
Ev'n mighty pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,  
And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,

Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,  
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade !

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ;  
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.  
His warlike amazon her host invades,  
The' imperial consort of the crown of spades.  
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,  
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride :  
What boots the regal circle on his head,  
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread ;  
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,  
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace ;  
The' embroider'd king who shows but half his face,  
And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd,  
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.  
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,  
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.  
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,  
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,  
With like confusion different nations fly,  
Of various habit and of various dye ;  
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall  
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.  
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,  
And wins (oh shameful chance !) the queen of hearts.  
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,  
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;  
She secs, and trembles at the' approaching ill,  
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.  
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)  
On onc nice trick depends the general fate :  
An ace of hearts steps forth : the king unseen  
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.  
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky ;  
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.

Oh, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,  
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate ;  
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,  
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,  
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;  
On shining altars of japan they raise  
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze :  
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,  
While China's earth receives the smoking tide :  
At once they gratify their scent and taste,  
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.  
Straight hover round the fair her airy band ;  
Some, as she sip'd, the fuming liquor fan'd,  
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,  
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.  
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,  
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)  
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain  
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.  
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,  
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!  
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,  
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!  
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!  
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace  
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case :  
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,  
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.

He takes the gift with reverence, and extends  
The little engine on his fingers' ends;  
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,  
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.  
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,  
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair:  
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;  
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.  
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought  
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:  
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,  
He watch'd the' ideas rising in her mind,  
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,  
An earthly lover lurking at her heart:  
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,  
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,  
To' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.  
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,  
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;  
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain,  
(But airy substance soon unites again)  
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever  
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,  
And screams of horror rend the' affrighted skies.  
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,  
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their  
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high, [last;  
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie:

'Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,'  
The victor cried, 'the glorious prize is mine!  
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,  
Or in a coach and six the British fair,

As long as Atalantis shall be read,  
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,  
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,  
 When numerous wax lights in bright order blaze;  
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,  
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!  
 What Time would spare, from steel receives its date,  
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!  
 Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,  
 And strike to dust the' imperial towers of Troy;  
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,  
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.  
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hair should feel  
 The conquering force of unresisted steel?

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CANTO II.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,  
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.  
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,  
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,  
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,  
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,  
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,  
 Not Cynthia when her mantua's pin'd awry,  
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,  
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,  
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,  
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,  
 As ever sullied the fair face of light,  
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,  
 Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,  
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.  
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,  
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.  
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,  
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,  
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,  
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,  
But differing far in figure and in face.  
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,  
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!  
With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and  
                  noons,

Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.  
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,  
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,  
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,  
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;  
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,  
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness and for show.  
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,  
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;  
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;  
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,  
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.  
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,  
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:  
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,  
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,  
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.  
Here living tea pots stand, one arm held out,  
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:

A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks ;  
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;  
Men prove with child as powerful fancy works,  
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,  
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.  
Then thus address'd the pow'r—'Hail, wayward  
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen : [queen !  
Parent of vapours and of female wit,  
Who give the' hysteric or poetic fit,  
On various tempers act by various ways,  
Make some take physic, others scribble plays ;  
Who eause the proud their visits to delay,  
And send the godly in a pet to pray.  
A nymph there is that all your power disdains,  
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.  
But oh ! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,  
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,  
Like citron waters matrons' cheeks inflame,  
Or change complexions at a losing game ;  
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,  
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,  
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,  
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,  
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,  
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease .  
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin ;—  
That single act gives half the world the spleen.'

The goddess, with a discontented air,  
Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r.  
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,  
Like that where oncc Ulysses held the winds ;  
There she collects the force of female lungs,  
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.



A vial next she fills with fainting fears,  
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.  
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,  
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,  
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.  
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,  
And all the furies issued at the vent.  
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,  
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.  
'O wretched maid!' she spread her hands, and cried,  
(While Hampton's echoes, 'wretched maid,' re-  
Was it for this you took such constant care [plied]  
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?  
For this your locks in paper durance bound?  
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?  
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head!  
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?  
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,  
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!  
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine  
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.  
Methinks already I your tears survey,  
Already hear the horrid things they say,  
Already see you a degraded toast,  
And all your honour in a whisper lost!  
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?  
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!  
And shall this prize, the' inestimable prize,  
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,  
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,  
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?  
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,  
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;

Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,  
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all !'

She said ; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,  
And bids her beau demand the preeious hairs :  
Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,  
And the nice conduct of a elouded cane,  
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,  
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,  
And thus broke out—' My lord, why, what the devil !  
Z—ds ! damn the loek ! 'fore Gad, you must be civil !  
Plague on't ! tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox !  
Give her the hair.'—He spoke, and rap'd his box,

' It grieves me much (replied the peer again)  
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain :  
But by this loek, this sacred lock, I swear,  
(Which never more shall join its parted hair ;  
Which never more its honours shall renew,  
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)  
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,  
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'  
He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread  
The long-contented honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so ;  
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.  
Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,  
Her eyes half-languishing, half drown'd in tears ;  
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,  
Which with a sigh she rais'd, and thus she said :

' For ever curs'd be this detested day,  
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away !  
Happy ! ah, ten times happy had I been,  
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen !  
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,  
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.

O had I rather unadmir'd remain'd  
In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;  
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,  
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea !  
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,  
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.  
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam ?  
O had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home !  
'Twas this the morning-omens seem'd to tell,  
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;  
The tottering china shook without a wind,  
Nay, Poll sat mutc, and Shock was most unkind !  
A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,  
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late !  
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !  
My hands shall rend what even thy rapine spares !  
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,  
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ;  
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,  
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;  
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,  
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.  
O hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize  
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !"

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CANTO V.

SHE said : the pitying audience melt in tears ;  
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.  
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,  
For who can move when fair Belinda fails ?  
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,  
While Anna beg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.

Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan ;  
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began :—

‘ Say, why are beauties prais’d and honour’d most,  
The wise man’s passion, and the vain man’s toast ?  
Why deck’d with all the land and sea afford,  
Why angels call’d, and angel-like ador’d ? [beaux ?  
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov’d  
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows ?  
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,  
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains ;  
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,  
Behold the first in virtue as in face !  
Oh ! if to dance all night, and dress all day,  
Charm’d the small-pox, or chas’d old age away ;  
Who would not scorn what housewife’s cares pro-  
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ? [duce,  
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,  
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint,  
But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay,  
Curl’d or uncurl’d, since locks will turn to grey ;  
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,  
And she who scorns a man must die a maid ;  
What then remains, but well our power to use,  
And keep good-humour still, whatc’er we lose ?  
And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,  
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.  
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;  
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.’

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued ;  
Belinda frown’d, Thalestris call’d her prude.  
“ To arms, to arms ! ” the fierce virago cries,  
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.  
All side in parties, and begin the’ attack ;  
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,  
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.  
No common weapons in their hands are found,  
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,  
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;  
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;  
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;  
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,  
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:  
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives  
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day! [way,

Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,  
Clap'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:  
Prop'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey  
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,  
And scatters death around from both her eyes,  
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,  
One died in metaphor, and one in song:  
'O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,'  
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.  
A mournful glance sir Fopling upwards cast,  
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.  
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies  
The' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,  
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;  
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,  
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,  
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;  
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;  
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

Sec fierce Belinda on the baron flies,  
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes ;  
 Nor fear'd the chief the' unequal fight to try,  
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.  
 But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,  
 She with one finger and a thumb subdued :  
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,  
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;  
 The gnomes direct, to every atom just,  
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.  
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,  
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

'Now meet thy fate,' incens'd Belinda cried,  
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side :  
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,  
 Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,  
 In three seal-rings : which after, melted down,  
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown :  
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,  
 The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew ;  
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,  
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

'Boast not my fall (he cried) insulting foe !  
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.  
 Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind ;  
 All that I dread is leaving you behind !  
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,  
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.'

'Restore the lock !' she cries ; and all around  
 'Restore the lock !' the vaulted roofs rebound.  
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain  
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.  
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,  
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost !

The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,  
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:  
With such a prize no mortal must be bless'd,  
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,  
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.  
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,  
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.  
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,  
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,  
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,  
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,  
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,  
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,  
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:  
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,  
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)  
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,  
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.  
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,  
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.  
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,  
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,  
And hail with music its propitious ray;  
This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,  
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;  
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,  
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;  
And hence the' egregious wizzard shall foredoom  
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.



Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,  
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!  
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,  
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.  
For after all the murders of your eye,  
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;  
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,  
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;  
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,  
And midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

### ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (one of which the following is partly extracted,) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,  
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dw  
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,  
What means this tumult in a vestal's vei  
Why rove my thoughts beyond this la  
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten  
Yet, yet I love !-                     't ca  
And Eloisa v  
Dear f

Nor p  
Hid  
v

O write it not, my hand—the name appears  
 Already written—wash it out, my tears!  
 In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,  
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains  
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:  
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;  
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!  
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,  
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!  
 Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,  
 have not yet forgot myself to stone.

is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,  
 rebel nature holds out half my heart;  
 prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,  
 tears for ages taught to flow in vain.  
 on as thy letters trembling I uncloze,  
 well-known name awakens all my woes.  
 name for ever sad! for ever dear!  
 breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.

ble too, where'er my own I find,  
 e misfortune follows close behind.

ine my gushing eyes o'erflow,  
 a sad variety of woe:

ve, now withering in my bloom,  
 solitary gloom!

ach'd the' unwilling flame;  
 love and fame.

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No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;  
'To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief ;  
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.  
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ;  
They live, they speak, they breathe what love in-  
spires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires ;  
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,  
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,  
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,  
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's  
name ;

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,  
Some emanation of the' all-beauteous Mind.  
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,  
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.  
Guiltless I gaz'd ; Heav'n listen'd while you sung ;  
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.  
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move ?  
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love :  
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,  
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.  
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see ;  
Nor envy them that Heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,  
Curse on all laws but those which love has made !  
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,  
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.  
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,  
August her deed, and sacred be her fame ;

Before true passion all those views remove ;  
 Fame, wealth, and honour ! what are you to love ?  
 The jealous god, when we profane his fires,  
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,  
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,  
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.  
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall,  
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all ;  
 Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove ;  
 No, make me mistress to the man I love ;  
 If there be yet another name more free,  
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee !  
 O, happy state ! when souls each other draw,  
 When love is liberty, and nature law :  
 All then is full, possessing and possess'd,  
 No craving void left aching in the breast :  
 Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,  
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.  
 This sure is bliss, (if bliss on earth there be)  
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd ! what sudden horrors rise !  
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies !  
 Where, where was Eloïse ? her voice, her hand,  
 Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.  
 Barbarian, stay ! that bloody stroke restrain ;  
 The crime was common, common be the pain.  
 I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd,  
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,  
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?  
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,  
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ?  
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,  
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale :

Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,  
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.  
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,  
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:  
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,  
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.  
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe:  
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.  
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,  
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,  
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;  
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.  
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,  
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;  
Full in my view set all the bright abode,  
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,  
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.  
From the false world in early youth they fled,  
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.  
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,  
And paradise was open'd in the wild.  
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores  
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;  
No silver saints, by dying misers given,  
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:  
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,  
And only vocal with the maker's praise.  
In these lone walls, (their day's eternal bound)  
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,  
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,  
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;  
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,  
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.

But now no face divine contentment wears,  
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.  
 See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,  
 (O pious fraud of amorous charity!)  
 But why should I o' others' prayers depend?  
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!  
 Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,  
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!  
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd  
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,  
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,  
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,  
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,  
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;  
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,  
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid:  
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,  
 Long sounding isles and intermingled graves,  
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws  
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose:  
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,  
 Shades every flower, and darkens every green,  
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,  
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;  
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!  
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;  
 And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;  
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,  
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,  
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.  
 Assist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?  
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair?



Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,  
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.  
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;  
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;  
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,  
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new ;  
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past offence,  
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.  
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget !  
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,  
And love the' offender, yet detest the' offence ?  
How the dear object from the crime remove,  
Or how distinguish penitence from love ?  
Unequal task ! a passion to resign,  
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.  
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,  
How often must it love, how often hate ?  
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,  
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget !  
But let heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd ;  
Not touch'd, but rapt ; not waken'd, but inspir'd !  
O come ! O teach me nature to subdue,  
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you :  
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he  
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot !  
The world forgetting, by the world forgot :  
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind !  
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd ;  
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;  
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;  
Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n ;  
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heav'n ;

Grace shines around her with serenest beams,  
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.  
For her the' unfading rose of Eden blooms,  
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;  
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;  
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;  
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,  
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,  
Far other raptures of unholy joy:  
When, at the close of each sad sorrowing day,  
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,  
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,  
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.  
Oh curs'd, dear horrors of all-conscious night!  
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!  
Provoking demons all restraint remove,  
And stir within me every source of love.  
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,  
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.  
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,  
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.  
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:  
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.  
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;  
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!  
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go  
Though dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,  
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,  
And low brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.  
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;  
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.  
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,  
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain  
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ;  
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose ;  
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.  
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,  
Or moving spirits bid the waters flow ;  
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,  
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?  
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.  
Nature stands check'd ; Religion disapproves ;  
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.  
Ah hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn  
To light the dead, and warm the' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view ?  
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue ;  
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,  
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.  
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,  
Thy image steals between my God and me ;  
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,  
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.  
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,  
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,  
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,  
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :  
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,  
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,  
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,  
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,  
And dawning grace is opening on my soul :  
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !  
Oppose thyself to Heav'n ; dispute my heart ;

Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes  
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;  
Take back that grace, those sorrows and those tears  
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs ;  
Snatch me, just mounting, from the bless'd abode ;  
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole ;  
Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll !  
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,  
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.  
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;  
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.  
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view)  
Long lov'd, adorn'd ideas, all adieu !  
O grace serene ! O virtue heavenly fair !  
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !  
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky !  
And Faith, our early immortality !  
Enter each mild, each amiable guest ;  
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,  
Prop'd on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.  
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,  
And more than echoes talk along the walls.  
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,  
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound :  
'Come, sister, come ! (it said, or seem'd to say)  
'Thy place is here, sad sister, come away ;  
Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,  
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid :  
But all is ealm in this eternal sleep :  
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep ;  
Ev'n superstition loses every fear :  
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bowers,  
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.  
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,  
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow :  
Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,  
And smooth my passage to the realms of day :  
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,  
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !  
Ah, no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,  
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,  
Present the cross before my lifted eye,  
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.  
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see !  
It will be then no crime to gaze on me ;  
See from my cheek the transient roses fly !  
See the last sparkle languish in my eye !  
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ;  
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.  
O Death, all-eloquent ! you only prove  
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,  
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)  
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,  
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round ;  
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,  
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,  
And graft my love immortal on thy fame !  
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,  
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more :  
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings  
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,  
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,  
And drink the falling tears each other sheds ;

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,  
 'O may we never love as these have lov'd !'  
 From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,  
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,  
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye  
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,  
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,  
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.  
 And sure if fate some future bard shall join  
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,  
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,  
 And image charms he must behold no more ;  
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,  
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell ;  
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost ;  
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

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## ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost along the moon-light shade  
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ?  
 'Tis she !—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd ?  
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?  
 Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,  
 Is it, in Heaven, a crime to love too well ?  
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,  
 To act a lover's or a Roman's part ?  
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky  
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?  
 Why bade ye else, ye powers ! her soul aspire  
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?

Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes,  
'The glorious fault of angels and of gods :  
Thence to their images on earth it flows,  
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.  
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,  
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage :  
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years  
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;  
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,  
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps, (ere nature bade her die)  
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
As into air the purer spirits flow,  
And separate from their kindred dregs below ;  
So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,  
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood !  
See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,  
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;  
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,  
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.  
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,  
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :  
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates ;  
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,  
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)  
Lo ! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,  
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.  
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !  
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow  
For other's good, or melt at other's woe.



What can atone (oh, ever-injur'd shade !)  
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?  
 No friends complaint, no kind domestic tear,  
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.  
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,  
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,  
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !  
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear,  
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year ;  
 And bear about the mockery of woe  
 To midnight dances, and the public show ?  
 What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,  
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?  
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,  
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?  
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast ;  
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;  
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
 The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,  
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.  
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
 To whom related, or by whom begot :  
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee :  
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,  
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.  
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays ;  
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,  
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart ;

Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,  
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

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*SAPPHO TO PHAON.*

FROM THE FIFTEENTH OF OVID'S EPISTLES.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,  
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?  
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,  
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?  
Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,  
The lute neglected, and the lyric muse;  
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,  
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.  
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn  
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne!  
Phaon to Etna's scorching fields retires,  
While I consume with more than Etna's fires!  
No more my soul a charm in music finds;  
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.  
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please;  
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.  
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,  
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;  
All other loves are lost in only thine,  
O youth, ungrateful to a flame like mine! [prise,  
Whom would not all those blooming charms sur-  
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?  
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,  
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear:  
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,  
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:

Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,  
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame ;  
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,  
Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.  
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,  
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.  
Though great Alexus more sublimely sings,  
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,  
No less renown attends the moving lyre,  
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire ;  
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,  
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.  
Though short my stature, yet my name extends  
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.  
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame  
Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame ;  
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,  
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.  
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,  
But such as merit, such as equal thine,  
By none, alas ! by none thou eanst be mov'd,  
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd !  
Yet once thy Sappho could thy ears employ,  
Onee in her arms you centred all your joy :  
No time the dear remembrance can remove,  
For oh ! how vast a memory has love !  
My music, then, you could for ever hear,  
And all my words were music to your ear.  
You stop'd with kisses my enehanting tongue,  
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.  
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best ;  
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.  
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,  
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd.

Till, all dissolving, in the trance we lay,  
And in tumultuous raptures died away.  
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;  
Why was I born, ye gods! a Lesbian dame?  
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast  
That wandering heart which I so lately lost;  
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,  
Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.  
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,  
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!  
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,  
And still increase the woes so soon begun?  
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,  
My parents' ashes drank my early tears:  
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,  
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:  
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,  
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.  
Alas! what more could fate itself impose,  
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?  
No more my robes in waving purple flow,  
Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow;  
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse  
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,  
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,  
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:  
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?  
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!  
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move;  
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:  
So from my birth the sisters fix'd my doom,  
And gave to Venus all my life to come;  
Or, while my muse in melting notes complains,  
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.

By charms like thine which all my soul have won,  
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?  
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,  
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.  
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,  
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.  
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies;  
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.  
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!  
O useful time for lovers to employ!  
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,  
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!  
The vows you never will return, receive;  
And take, at least, the love you will not give.  
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!  
The less my sense, the more my love appears.  
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,  
(At least to feign was never hard to you)  
'Farewell, my Lesbian love,' you might have said;  
Or coldly thus, 'Farewell, O Lesbian maid!'  
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,  
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.  
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,  
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.  
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,  
But this, 'Be mindful of our loves, and live.'  
Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,  
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,  
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)  
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,  
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood,  
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing  
    blood;  
No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,  
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:

But when its way the' impetuous passion found,  
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound ;  
I rave, then weep ; I curse, and then complain ;  
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.  
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,  
Whose first-born infant feeds the funereal flame.  
My scornful brother with a smile appears,  
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,  
His hated image ever haunts my eyes ;  
'And why this grief? thy daughter lives,' he cries.  
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,  
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,  
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim,  
Such inconsistent things are love and shame !  
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,  
My daily longing, and my dream by night :  
O night more pleasing than the brightest day,  
When fancy gives what absence takes away,  
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,  
Restores my fair deserter to my arms !  
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,  
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine :  
A thousand tender words I hear and speak ;  
A thousand melting kisses give and take :  
Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,  
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.  
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,  
And all things wake to life and joy but I,  
As if once more forsaken, I complain,  
And close my eyes to dream of you again :  
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove  
Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove ;  
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,  
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.

I view the grotto, once the scene of love,  
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,  
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown  
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone :  
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before ;  
But Phaon gone, these shades delight no more.  
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray  
Where oft entwin'd in amorous folds we lay ;  
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,  
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.  
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,  
And birds defer their songs till thy return :  
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,  
All but the mournful Philomel and I :  
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,  
Of Tereus shc, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,  
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below :  
A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,  
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;  
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,  
Watch'd by the silvan genius of the place.  
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,  
Before my sight a watery virgin stood :  
She stood and cried, ' O you that love in vain !  
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main ;  
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep  
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;  
There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,  
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.  
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,  
In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd :  
But when from hence he plung'd into the main,  
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.



Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw  
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !  
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,  
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.  
I go, ye nymphs ! those rocks and seas to prove ;  
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love !  
I go, ye nymphs ! where furious love inspires ;  
Let female fears submit to female fires.  
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,  
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.  
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,  
And softly lay me on the waves below !  
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,  
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main, }  
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane ! }  
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,  
And this inscription shall be plac'd below :  
' Here she who sung to him that did inspire,  
Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre ;  
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee ;  
The gift, the giver, and the god agree.'  
But why, alas ! relentless youth, ah why  
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly ?  
Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,  
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.  
Ah ! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,  
O far more faithless and more hard than they ?  
Ah ! can'st thou rather see this tender breast  
Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd ?  
This breast which once, in vain ! you lik'd so well ;  
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.  
Alas ! the Muses now no more inspire ;  
Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre ;  
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,  
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.

Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,  
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,  
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring  
No more these hands shall touch the trembling  
string :

My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign ;  
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine !)  
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along  
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song :  
Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires ;  
But ah ! how fiercely burn the lover's fires ?  
Gods ! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move  
One savage heart, or teach it how to love ?  
The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,  
The flying winds have lost them all in air !  
Oh when, alas ! shall more auspicious gales  
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?  
If you return—ah, why these long delays ?  
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.  
O launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain ;  
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.  
O launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales ;  
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.  
If you will fly—(yet ah ! what cause can be,  
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me ?)  
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,  
Ah, let me seek it from the raging seas :  
To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,  
And either cease to live, or cease to love !

*THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.*

FROM THE

NINTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs ;  
 When the fair consort of her son replies :  
 ' Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,  
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,  
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate  
 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.  
 No nymph of Æchalia could compare  
 For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,  
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride !  
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride.)  
 This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,  
 Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,  
 Andræmon lov'd ; and bless'd in all those charms  
 That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.  
 ' A lake there was with shelving banks around,  
 Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.  
 These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,  
 And to the naiads flowery garlands brought :  
 Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd  
 Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.  
 Not distant far a watery lotos grows ;  
 The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,  
 Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie  
 In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye :  
 Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son,  
 And I myself the same rash act had done :  
 But, lo ! I saw (as near her side I stood)  
 The violated blossoms drop with blood.

Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;  
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.  
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)  
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,  
Forsook her form, and, fixing here, became  
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.

‘ This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,  
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight ;  
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,  
And those offended silvan powers ador'd :  
But when she backward would have fled, she found  
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground :  
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,  
And as she struggles only moves above ;  
She feels the' encroaching bark around her grow  
By quick degrees, and cover all below :  
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves  
To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves !  
Where late was hair the shooting leaves are seen  
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.  
The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,  
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,  
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied  
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.  
I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,  
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,  
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,  
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

‘ Behold Andræmon and the' unhappy sire  
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire :  
A springing tree for Dryope they find,  
And print warm kisses on the panting rind.  
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,  
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.

The face was all that now remain'd of thee,  
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;  
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,  
From every leaf distils a trickling tear ;  
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,  
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains.

“ If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,  
I swear by all the' un pitying powers of heav'n,  
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;  
In mutual innocence our lives we led :  
If this be false, let these new greens decay,  
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,  
And crackling flames on all my honours prey. }  
But from my branching arms this infant bear,  
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care ;  
And to his mother let him oft be led,  
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed :  
Teach him, when his first infant voice shall frame  
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,  
To hail this tree, and say, with weeping eyes,  
' Within this plant my hapless parent lies :'  
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,  
Oh ! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,  
Nor touch the fatal flowers ; but, warn'd by me,  
Believe a goddess shrin'd in every tree.  
My sire, my sister, and my spouse farewell !  
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,  
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel  
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.  
Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join  
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.  
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,  
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.

I can no more ; the creeping rind invades  
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :  
 Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice  
 Without their aid to seal these dying eyes."

' She ceas'd at once to speak and ceas'd to be,  
 And all the nymph was lost within the tree ;  
 Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,  
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.'

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*VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.*

FROM THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign ;  
 Of all the virgins of the silvan train  
 None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,  
 Or more improv'd the vegetable care.  
 To her the shady grove, the flowery field,  
 The streams and fountains, no delights could yield ;  
 'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,  
 And see the boughs with happy burdens bend.  
 The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,  
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,  
 To decent forms the lawless shoots to bring,  
 And teach the' obedient branches where to spring.  
 Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,  
 And yields an offspring more than nature gives :  
 Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,  
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,  
 Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.  
 Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,  
 To lawless silvans all access denied.

How oft the satyrs and the wanton fawns,  
 Who haunt the forests or frequent the lawns,  
 The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,  
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,  
 Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care  
 To pass the fences and surprise the fair ?  
 Like these Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame.  
 Like these rejected by the scornful dame.  
 To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears ;  
 And first a reaper from the field appears :  
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain  
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain :  
 Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,  
 And wreaths of hay his sunburnt temples shade :  
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,  
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers :  
 Sometimes his pruning hook corrects the vines,  
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines :  
 Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,  
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs :  
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears :  
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears :  
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,  
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes,

A female form at last Vertumnus wears,  
 With all the marks of reverend age appears,  
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs :  
 Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,  
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.  
 The god in this decrepit form array'd  
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd ;  
 And, 'Happy you !' he thus address'd the maid,  
 'Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,  
 As other gardens are excell'd by thine !'



Then kiss'd the fair ; (his kisses warmer grow  
 Than such as women on their sex bestow)  
 Then plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,  
 Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.  
 An elm was near, to whose embraces led,  
 The curling vine her swelling clusters spread :  
 He view'd her twining branches with delight,  
 And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

‘ Yet this tall elm, but for this vine,’ he said,  
 ‘ Had stood neglected, and a barren shade ;  
 And this fair vine, but that her arms surround  
 Her married elm, had crept along the ground.  
 Ah ! beauteous maid ! let this example move  
 Your mind averse from all the joys of love.  
 Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue !  
 What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you ?  
 Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,  
 Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.  
 Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,  
 A thousand court you, though they court in vain,  
 A thousand silvans, demigods, and gods,  
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.  
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,  
 Whom age and long experience render wise,  
 And one whose tender care is far above  
 All that these lovers ever felt of love,  
 (Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)  
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest :  
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;  
 Scarcely to himself himself is better known.  
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ;  
 Like you, contented with his native groves ;  
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;  
 For you he lives ; and you alone shall share  
 His last affection as his early care.

}  
}

Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,  
With youth immortal, and with beauty bless'd.  
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,  
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.  
But what should most excite a mutual flame,  
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.  
To him your orchard's early fruits are due :  
(A pleasing offering when 'tis made by you)  
He values these ; but yet, alas ! complains  
That still the best and dearest gift remains.  
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows  
With that ripe red the' autumnal sun bestows ;  
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,  
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies ;  
You, only you, can move the god's desire :  
O crown so constant and so pure a fire !  
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind ;  
Think 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind :  
So may no frost, when early buds appear,  
Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;  
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,  
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs !'

This when the various god had urg'd in vain,  
He straight assum'd his native form again :  
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,  
As when through clouds the' emerging sun appears,  
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,  
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.  
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design ;  
For when, appearing in a form divine,  
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace  
Of charming features and a youthful face,  
In her soft breast consenting passions move,  
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

THE  
THEBAIS OF STATIUS.  
*BOOK I.*

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1703.

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ARGUMENT.

Œdipus king of Thebes having, by mistake, slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices, in the mean time, departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos: where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of his solemnity. He relates to his guests the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorcæbus: he inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

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FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms,  
The' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,

Demand our song ; a sacred fury fires  
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.  
O goddess ! say, shall I deduce my rhymes  
From the dire nation in its early times,  
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,  
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea ?  
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,  
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil ?  
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,  
While to his harp divine Amphion sung ?  
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,  
Whose fatal rage the unhappy monarch found ?  
The sire against the son his arrow drew ;  
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,  
And while her arms a second hope contain,  
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,  
And fix, O Muse ! the barrier of thy song  
At Œdipus—from his disasters trace  
The long confusions of his guilty race :  
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,  
And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing ;  
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,  
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous  
blood ;

Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,  
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole ;  
Or, long before, with early valour strove  
In youthful arms to assert the cause of Jove.  
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,  
Increase of glory to the Latian name !  
O ! bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,  
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.  
What though the stars contract their heavenly space,  
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place ;

Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,  
Conspire to court thee from our world away ;  
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,  
And in thy glories more serenely shine ;  
Though Jove himself no less content would be  
To part his throne and share his heaven with thee ?  
Yet stay, great Cæsar ! and vouchsafe to reign  
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main ;  
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,  
And people heaven with Roman deities.

The time will come when a diviner flame  
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame :  
Meanwhile permit that my preluding Muse  
In Theban wars an humbler theme may choose :  
Of furious hate surviving death she sings,  
A fatal throne to two contending kings,  
And funeral flames that, parting wide in air,  
Express the discord of the souls they bear :  
Of towns dispeopled, and the wandering ghosts  
Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts ;  
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,  
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,  
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep  
In heaps his slaughter'd sons into the deep.

What hero, Clio ! wilt thou first relate ?  
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate ?  
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,  
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide ?  
Or how the youth with every grace adorn'd,  
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd ?  
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,  
And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Œdipus, depriv'd of sight,  
Led a long death in everlasting night ;

But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray  
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,  
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin  
In frightful views, and makes it day within ;  
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,  
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul :  
The wretch then lifted to the' unpitied skies  
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,  
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he  
strook,

While from his breast these dreadful accents  
broke :—

' Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,  
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain ;  
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd  
Through dreary coasts, which I though blind behold;  
Tisiphone! that oft hast heard my pray'r,  
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care.  
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,  
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come ;  
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way  
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day  
When by the son the trembling father died,  
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide ;  
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,  
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign ;  
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,  
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,  
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,  
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd ;  
Then self-condemn'd, to shades of endless night,  
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight ;  
Oh, hear ! and aid the vengeance I require,  
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.

My sons their old unhappy sire despise,  
 Spoil'd of his kingdom and depriv'd of eyes;  
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn;  
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn!  
 These sons, ye gods! who with flagitious pride  
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.  
 Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!  
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?  
 Thou fury! then some lasting curse entail,  
 Which o'er their children's children shall prevail;  
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,  
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;  
 Go! and a parent's heavy curses bear;  
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare  
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war. }  
 Give them to dare what I might wish to see,  
 Blind as I am, some glorious villainy!  
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,  
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:  
 Couldst thou some great proportion'd mischief  
 frame,

'They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.'

The fury heard, while on Coeytus' brink  
 Her snakes, untied, sulphureous waters drink;  
 But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,  
 And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.  
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in air  
 The gliding lightning or descending star.  
 Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,  
 And dark dominions of the silent night:  
 Swift as she pass'd the flitting ghosts withdrew,  
 And the pale spectres trembled at her view:  
 To the' iron gates of Ténarus she flies,  
 There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.



The day beheld, and sickening at the sight,  
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.  
 Affrighted Atlas on the distant shore  
 Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.  
 Now from beneath Malea's airy height  
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;  
 With eager speed the well-known journey took,  
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.  
 A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,  
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head;  
 In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow:  
 Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow, [high  
 When labouring with strong charms she shoots from  
 A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky. [came  
 Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there  
 Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.  
 From every blast of her contagious breath  
 Famine and drought proceed, and plagues and death.  
 A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,  
 A dress by fates and furies worn alone.  
 She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand  
 In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:  
 A serpent from her left was seen to rear  
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.  
 But when the fury took her stand on high,  
 Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,  
 A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:  
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,  
 And through the' Achaian cities send the sound. }  
 Æte, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;  
 Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;  
 Again Leucothea shook at these alarms,  
 And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.  
 Headlong from thence the glowing fury springs,  
 And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,

Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds  
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.

Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,  
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,  
And all their furies wake within their breast: }  
Their tortur'd minds repining envy tears,  
And hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;  
And sacred thirst of sway, and all the ties  
Of nature broke, and royal perjuries:  
And impotent desire to reign alone,  
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne:  
Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,  
While discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers, by brawny ploughmen broke,  
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,  
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear  
The' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share.  
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,  
And all the furrows in confusion lay:  
Such was the discord of the royal pair,  
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.  
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way  
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:  
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,  
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,  
And the short monarch of a hasty year  
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.  
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,  
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,  
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;  
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,  
No Greeian stone the pompous arches grac'd;  
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait  
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;

No charges then were wrought in burnish'd gold,  
 Nor silver vases took the forming mould;  
 Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,  
 Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—  
 Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?  
 Say to what end your impious arms engage?  
 Not all bright Phæbus views in early morn,  
 Or when his evening beams the west adorn,  
 When the south glows with his meridian ray,  
 And the cold north receives a fainter day;  
 For crimes like these not all those realms suffice,  
 Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)  
 Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown;  
 What joys, O tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,  
 When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,  
 Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,  
 And singly fill a fear'd and envied throne!

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,  
 Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;  
 Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,  
 And sure the monarch whom they have to hate;  
 New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,  
 And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.  
 And one of those who groan beneath the sway  
 Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,  
 (Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite,  
 With scandal arm'd, the' ignoble mind's delight)  
 Exclaim'd—' O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,  
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign?  
 Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare  
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,  
 And still to changewhom chang'd we still must fear? }  
 These now control a wretched people's fate,  
 These can divide, and these reverse the state:

Ev'n fortune rules no more—O servile land,  
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command !  
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove !  
Is this the' eternal doom decreed above ?  
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate  
From the first birth of our unhappy state,  
When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,  
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,  
And fated in Bœotian fields to found  
A rising empire on a foreign ground,  
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain  
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain ?  
What lofty looks the' unrivall'd monarch bears !  
How all the tyrant in his face appears !  
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow !  
Gods ! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow !  
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,  
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again ?  
Yet who before more popularly bow'd ?  
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd ?  
Patient of right, familiar in the throne,  
What wonder then ? he was not then alone.  
Oh, wretched we ! a vile submissive train,  
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign !

As when two winds with rival force contend,  
This way and that the wavering sails they bend,  
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,  
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw :  
Thus on each side, alas ! our tottering state  
Feels all the fury of resistless fate,  
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,  
While that prince threatens, and while this com-  
mands.'

And now the almighty father of the gods  
Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes.

Far in the bright recesses of the skies,  
 High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,  
 Whence far below, the gods at once survey  
 The realms of rising and declining day, [and sea. }  
 And all the' extended space of earth, and air, }  
 Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,  
 The majesty of heaven superior shone :  
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,  
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.  
 At Jove's assent the deities around  
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd.  
 Next a long order of inferior powers  
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers ;  
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow,  
 And those that give the wandering winds to blow :  
 Here all their rage and even their murmurs cease,  
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.  
 A shining synod of majestic gods  
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes :  
 Heaven seems improv'd with a superior ray,  
 And the bright arch reflects a double day.  
 The monarch then his solemn silence broke,  
 The still creation listen'd while he spoke ;  
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,  
 And each irrevocable word is fate.

' How long shall man the wrath of Heaven defy,  
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky ?  
 O race confederate into crimes, that prove  
 Triumphant o'er the' eluded rage of Jove ;  
 This wearied arm can scarce the bolt sustain,  
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain :  
 The' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires,  
 The' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.  
 For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,  
 And the mad ruler to misguide the day,

When the wide carth to heaps of ashes turn'd,  
And Heaven itself the wandering chariot burn'd :  
For this my brother of the watery reign  
Releas'd the' impetuous sluices of the main ;  
But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain. }  
Two races now, allied to Jove, offend ;  
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.  
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,  
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.  
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,  
And the long series of succeeding woe ?  
How oft the furies from the deeps of night  
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight ;  
The' exulting mother stain'd with filial blood,  
The savage hunter and the haunted wood ?  
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,  
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to  
name ?

Ere I recount the sins of these profane,  
The sun would sink into the western main,  
And, rising, gild the radiant east again. }  
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)  
The murdering son ascend his parent's bed,  
Through violated nature force his way,  
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay ?  
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,  
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones ;  
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,  
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.  
Thy curse, O *Ædipus* ! just Heav'n alarms,  
And sets the' avenging thunderer in arms.  
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,  
And give the nations to the waste of war.  
*Adrastus* soon, with gods averse, shall join  
In dire alliance with the Theban line :

Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed :  
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed :  
 Fix'd is their doom. This all-remembering breast  
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.'

He said ; and thus the queen of Heav'n return'd :  
 (With sudden grief her labouring bosom burn'd)  
 'Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend,  
 Must I, O Jove, in bloody wars contend ?  
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,  
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame :  
 Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,  
 And there deluded Argus slept and bled ;  
 Though there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,  
 When Jove descended in almighty gold !  
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,  
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes ;  
 But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,  
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,  
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,  
 And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed :  
 Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves may  
     prove—

Ah ! why should Argos feel the rage of Jove ?  
 Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,  
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,  
 Go, raise my Samos, let Mycene fall,  
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall ;  
 No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,  
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,  
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke :  
 But to your Isis all my rights transfer,  
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her ;  
 For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,  
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.



But if thou must reform the stubborn times,  
 Avenging on the sons the fathers' crimes,  
 And from the long records of distant age  
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage :  
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd  
 To date his vengeance ? to what bounds confin'd ?  
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides  
 His wandering stream, and through the briny tides }  
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.

Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,  
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name ;  
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood  
 Of fierce *Ænomaüs*, defil'd with blood ;  
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,  
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.  
 Say, can those honours please ? and can'st thou love  
 Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove ?  
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share  
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care ?  
 Reverse, O Jove ! thy too severe decree,  
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee :  
 On impious realms and barbarous kings impose  
 Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.'

Thus in reproach and pray'r the queen express'd  
 The rage and grief contending in her breast ;  
 Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,  
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply :  
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear }  
 The dire though just revenge which I prepare }  
 Against a nation thy peculiar care :  
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend,  
 Nor Bæchus less his native town defend ;  
 Yet these in silence see the Fates fulfil  
 Their work, and reverence our superior will :

For by the black infernal Styx I swear,  
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)  
'Tis fix'd, the' irrevocable doom of Jove ;  
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.  
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air ;  
Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair ;  
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,  
And give up Laius to the realms of day,  
Whose ghost yet shivering on Cocytus' sand  
Expects its passage to the further strand :  
Let the pale sire revisit Thebés, and bear  
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear ;  
That from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride  
Of foreign forces and his Argive bride,  
Almighty Jove commands him to detain  
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign :  
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate ;  
The rest succeeding times shall ripen into fate.'

The god obeys, and to his feet applies  
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies ;  
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,  
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.  
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye ;  
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,  
Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.  
Thus through the parting clouds the son of May  
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way ;  
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,  
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs the' ethereal height ;  
Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,  
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves  
(His Thebes abandon'd) through the' Aonian groves,

While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,  
 His daily vision, and his dream by night ;  
 Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,  
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly.  
 With transport views the airy rule his own,  
 And swells on an imaginary throne ;  
 Fain would he cast a tedious age away,  
 And live out all in one triumphant day :  
 He chides the lazy progress of the sun,  
 And bids the year with swifter motion run ;  
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,  
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend  
 Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,  
 And fam'd Mycene's lofty towers ascend !  
 (Where late the sun did Atreus' climes detest,  
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast)  
 And now by chance, by fate, or furies, led,  
 From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,  
 Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,  
 And Pantheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground ;  
 Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,  
 And thence declining gently to the main ;  
 Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,  
 Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs :  
 The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,  
 And hears the murmurs of the different shores ;  
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,  
 And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phæbus yields to  
 night,  
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light ;  
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew  
 Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew :

All birds and beasts lie hush'd : sleep steals away  
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,  
And brings, descending through the silent air,  
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.  
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,  
Promise the skies the bright return of day ;  
No faint reflections of the distant light  
Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of  
    night :  
From the damp earth impervious waters rise,  
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.  
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound  
Burst from the' Æolian caves, and rend the ground ;  
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,  
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky :  
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds  
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,  
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,  
Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs :  
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,  
And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.  
Now smokes with showers the misty mountain-  
    ground,  
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round :  
The' Inichian streams with headlong fury run,  
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on ;  
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,  
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds :  
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,  
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away  
Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,  
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne :  
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,  
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.

The' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,  
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,  
 And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,  
 The floods descending, and the watery war,  
 That, driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,  
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses, to the main.  
 Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,  
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;  
 His brother's image to his mind appears,  
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet  
 with fears,

So fares the sailor on the stormy main,  
 When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,  
 When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,  
 Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;  
 He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,  
 While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd :  
 Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd :  
 With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way  
 Through thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of  
 Till he beheld where from Larissa's height [prey ;  
 The shelving walls reflect a glancing light ;  
 Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;  
 On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,  
 On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise. }  
 He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded lay,  
 And to the regal palace bent his way ;  
 On the cold marble, spent with toil he lies,  
 And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,  
 Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days ;  
 By both his parents of descent divine,  
 Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line :

Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,  
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.  
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate !  
But who can pierce into the depths of fate ?)  
Had sung—' Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,  
A yellow lion, and a bristly boar.'  
This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,  
Sat heavy on his heart, and broke his rest ;  
This, great Amphiaraus ! lay hid from thee,  
Though skill'd in fate and dark futurity.  
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,  
For thus did the predicting god ordain.

Lo, hapless Tydeus ! whose ill-fated hand  
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,  
And, seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,  
Through the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:  
Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,  
He seeks a shelter from the' inclement heav'n,  
Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,  
And to fair Argos' open courts succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from different lands resort  
To' Adrastus' realms and hospitable court,  
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,  
And views their arms and habit with surprise.  
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,  
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs ;  
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,  
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.  
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,  
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread ;  
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,  
Alive the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,  
The king the' accomplish'd oracle surveys.

Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns  
 The guiding godhead and his future sons ;  
 O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,  
 And a glad horror shoots through every vein :  
 To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,  
 And thus invokes the silent queen of night :—

‘ Goddess of shades ! beneath whose gloomy reign  
 Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train ;  
 You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,  
 Till nature, quicken'd by the' inspiring ray,  
 Wakes to new vigour with the rising day :  
 O thou ! who freest me from my doubtful state,  
 Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate,  
 Be present still, O goddess ! in our aid ;  
 Proceed, and 'firm those omens thou hast made.  
 We to thy name our annual rights will pay,  
 And on thy altars sacrifices lay ;  
 The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,  
 And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.  
 Hail ! faithful Tripos ! hail ! ye dark abodes  
 Of awful Phœbus ; I confess the gods !’

Thus, seized with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd ;  
 Then to his inner court the guests convey'd,  
 Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,  
 And dust yet white upon each altar lies,  
 The relics of a former sacrifice.  
 The king once more the solemn rites requires,  
 And bids renew the feasts and wake the fires.  
 His train obey ; while all the courts around  
 With noisy care and various tumult sound,  
 Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds ;  
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads ;  
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,  
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light ;



Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,  
And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.  
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,  
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne ;  
A lofty couch receives each princely guest ;  
Around, at awful distancē, wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,  
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,  
Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,  
And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd ;  
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,  
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.  
When from the close apartments of the night  
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright,  
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face,  
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,  
But that in these a milder charm endears,  
And less of terror in their looks appears.  
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,  
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise ;  
Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,  
Then on their father's reverend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign  
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,  
Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,  
With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.  
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,  
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,  
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies :  
Therc from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,  
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars ;  
Still as he rises in the' ethereal height,  
His native mountains lessen to his sight,

While all his sad companions upward gaze,  
Fix'd on the glorious seene in wild amaze,  
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,  
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with generous juice was crown'd  
The first libation sprinkled on the ground,  
By turns on each celestial power they call;  
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.  
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,  
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands  
dress'd,

While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,  
Salute the god in numerous hymns of praise.  
Then thus the king: ' Perhaps, my noble guests !  
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts  
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,  
Unknown with wonder may perplex your mind.  
Great was the cause : our old solemnities  
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise ;  
But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay  
These grateful honours to the god of day.

' When by a thousand darts the Python slain  
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,  
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,  
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)  
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,  
And enters old Crotopos' humble courts.  
This rural princee one only daughter bless'd,  
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd ;  
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,  
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd :  
Happy ! and happy still she might have prov'd,  
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd !  
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flowery side  
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd.

Now ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,  
 The' illustrious offspring of the god was born;  
 The nymph, her father's anger to evade,  
 Retires from Argos to the silvan shade;  
 To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,  
 And trusts ber infant to a shepherd's cares.

'How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!  
 Ah! how unworthy those of race divine!  
 On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,  
 His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,  
 He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,  
 While the rude swain his rural music tries,  
 To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.  
 Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live  
 Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;  
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,  
 And breath'd the freshness of the early day,  
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,  
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.  
 The' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,  
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;  
 With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,  
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;  
 Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,  
 Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

'But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late,  
 The raging god prepares to' avenge her fate.  
 He sends a monster, horrible and fell,  
 Begot by furies in the depths of hell.  
 The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;  
 High on her crown a rising snake appears,  
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:  
 About the realm she walks her dreadful round,  
 When night with sable wings o'erspreads the  
 ground.

Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,  
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

'But generous rage the bold Choræbus warms,  
Choræbus! fam'd for virtue as for arms;  
Some few, like him, inspir'd with martial flame,  
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.

These, where two ways in equal parts divide,  
The direful monster from afar descry'd,  
Two bleeding babes depending at her side;  
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,  
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.  
The youths surround her with extended spears;  
But brave Choræbus in the front appears;  
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,  
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.

The' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,  
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,  
Her spotted breast and gaping womb imbrued  
With livid poison and our children's blood.

The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,  
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.  
Some with vast beams the squalid corse engage,  
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.

The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,  
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;  
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,  
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

'But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow  
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,  
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:  
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around  
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:  
And now a thousand lives together fled,  
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,  
And a whole province in his triumph led.

‘ But Phœbus, ask’d why noxious fires appear,  
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year?  
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,  
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

‘ Bless’d be thy dust, and let eternal fame  
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,  
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,  
In such a cause disdain’d thy life to save,  
But view’d the shrine with a superior look,  
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke :

“ With piety, the soul’s securest guard,  
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,  
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear,  
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here:  
Thy monster’s death to me was ow’d alone,  
And ’tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,  
Impervious clouds conceal’d thy sullen rays;  
For whom, as man no longer claim’d thy care,  
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!

But if the’ abandon’d race of human kind  
From gods above no more compassion find;  
If such inclemency in heaven can dwell,  
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel  
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?

On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,  
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all,  
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,  
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light.  
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,  
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;  
But for my country let my fate atone;  
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.’

‘ Merit distress’d impartial Heaven relieves,  
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;

For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,  
With such amazing virtue durst engage.

The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,  
And from the wondering god the' unwilling youth  
retir'd.

Thence we these altars in his temple raise,  
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise ;  
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please ;  
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.

'But say, illustrious guest! (adjoin'd the king)  
What name you bear, from what high race you  
spring?

The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known  
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon :  
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night  
And silent hours to various talk invite.'

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,  
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:—

'Before these altars how shall I proclaim  
(O generous prince!) my nation or my name,  
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?  
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!

Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,  
You seek to share in sorrows not your own,  
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,  
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.'  
To whom the king (who felt his generous breast  
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)  
Replies—'Ah! why forbears the son to name  
His wretched father, known too well by fame?  
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,  
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.

Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,  
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole,

And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,  
The faithless syrtes, and the moving sands;  
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,  
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;  
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,  
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.  
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,  
What prince from those his lineage can defend?  
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine to' efface,  
With virtuous acts, thy ancestors' disgrace,  
And be thyself the honour of thy race. }  
But see! the stars begin to steal away,  
And shine more faintly at approaching day;  
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays  
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.'

'O father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast  
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast:  
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,  
And bathe in silver dew's thy yellow hair;  
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,  
Delight in Cynthus and the shady shore;  
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,  
The shining structures rais'd by labouring gods;  
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;  
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:  
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,  
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,  
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,  
The change of sceptres and impending woe,  
When direful meteors spread through glowing air  
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair,  
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire  
To' excel the music of thy heavenly lyre;  
Thy shafts aveng'd lew'd Tityus' guilty flame,  
The' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;



Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost  
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.  
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,  
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;  
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,  
The mouldering rock that trembles from on high.  
    ' Propitious hear our pray'r, O power divine!  
And on thy hospitable Argos shine;  
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,  
Whose purple rays the Achæmenes' adore;  
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain  
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;  
Or Mithra, to whose beams the Persian bows,  
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;  
Mithra! whose head the blaze of light adorns,  
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.'

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## PROLOGUE

TO

MR. ADDISON'S CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart:  
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:  
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,  
Commanding tears to stream through every age;  
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,  
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.  
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move  
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;  
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,  
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.

Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,  
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :  
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,  
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.  
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,  
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :  
No common object to your sight displays,  
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,  
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
And greatly falling with a falling state.  
While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?  
Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?  
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?  
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, midst triumphal cars,  
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,  
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,  
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;  
As her dead father's reverend image past,  
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;  
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from every eye ;  
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;  
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,  
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons! attend : be worth like this approv'd,  
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.  
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd  
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued:  
Your scene precariously subsists too long  
On French translation and Italian song.  
Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,  
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :  
Such plays alone should win a British ear,  
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

## EPILOGUE

TO

MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

*(Designed for Mrs. Oldfield.)*

PRODIGIOUS this! the frail one of our play  
 From her own sex should mercy find to-day!  
 You might have held the pretty head aside,  
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cried—  
 ' The play may pass—but that strange creature,  
     Shore,

I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—'  
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,  
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;  
 So from a sister sinner you shall hear,  
 ' How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!'  
 But let me die, all raillery apart,  
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;  
 And, did not wicked custom so contrive,  
 We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale.  
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;  
 Such rage without betrays the fire within;  
 In some close corner of the soul they sin;  
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,  
 Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.  
 The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,  
 Seolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.  
 Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners?  
 Faith, gallants! board with saints, and bed with sin-

Well, if our author in his wife offends,      [ners.  
 He has a husband that will make amends:

He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;  
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.  
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,  
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:  
 Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?  
 Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:  
 Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,  
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.  
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make;  
 But, pray, which of you all would take her back?  
 Though with the stoic chief our stage may ring,  
 The stoic husband was the glorious thing.  
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,  
 And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?  
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,  
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:  
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,  
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace,  
 That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face;  
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,  
 In all the rest so impudently good;  
 Faith, let the modest matrons of the town  
 Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.



AN  
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1709.

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*PART I.*

Introduction.—That it is as great a fault to judge ill as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public.—That a true taste is as rare to be found as a true genius.—That most men are born with some taste, but spoiled by false education.—The multitude of critics, and causes of them.—That we are to study our own taste, and know the limits of it.—Nature the best guide of judgment.—Improved by art and rules, which are but methodized Nature.—Rules derived from the practice of the ancient poets.—That therefore the ancients are necessary to be studied by a critic, particularly Homer and Virgil —Of licences, and the use of them by the ancients.—Reverence due to the ancients, and praise of them.

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'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill  
Appear in writing or in judging ill;  
But of the two, less dangerous is the' offence  
To tire our patience than mislead our sense;  
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,  
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;  
A fool might once himself alone expose,  
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

In poets as true genius is but rare,  
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;  
 Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,  
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.  
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,  
 And censure freely who have written well.  
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,  
 But are not critics to their judgment too ?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find  
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind :  
 Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;  
 The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn  
     right :

But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,  
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,  
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd :  
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,  
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools :  
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,  
 And then turn critics in their own defence :  
 Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,  
 Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.  
 All fools have still an itching to deride,  
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.  
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,  
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets, past ;  
 Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.  
 Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,  
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.  
 Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,  
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;  
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,  
 Their generation's so equivocal ;



To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require,  
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,  
And justly bear a critic's noble name,  
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,  
How far your genius, taste, and learning go ;  
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,  
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,  
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.  
As on the land while here the ocean gains,  
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains ;  
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,  
The solid power of understanding fails ;  
Where beams of warm imagination play,  
The memory's soft figures melt away.  
One science only will one genius fit ;  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit :  
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,  
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.  
Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,  
By vain ambition still to make them more ;  
Each might his several province well command,  
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame  
By her just standard, which is still the same :  
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,  
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,  
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,  
At once the source, and end, and test of art.  
Art from that fund each just supply provides,  
Works without show, and without pomp presides :  
In some fair body thus the' informing soul  
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills, the whole ;

Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains,  
Itself unseen, but in the' effects remains.  
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,  
Want as much more to turn it to its use :  
For wit and judgment often are at strife,  
'Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.  
'Tis more to guide than spur the Muses' steed,  
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed :  
The winged courser, like a generous horse,  
Shows most true metal when you check his course.

Those rules of old, discover'd not devis'd,  
Are nature still, but nature methodis'd :  
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd  
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules  
endites,  
When to repress and when indulge our flights :  
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,  
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod :  
Held from afar, aloft, the' immortal prize,  
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.  
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,  
She drew from them what they deriv'd from  
Heav'n.

The generous critic fan'd the poet's fire,  
And taught the world with reason to admire.  
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,  
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd :  
But following wits from that intention stray'd ;  
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid ;  
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,  
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.  
So modern 'pothecaries taught the art  
By doctor' bills to play the doctor's part,

Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,  
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.  
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey ;  
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they :  
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,  
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made ;  
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,  
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would  
 Know well each ancient's proper character ; [steer,  
 His fable, subject, scope in every page ;  
 Religion, country, genius of his age :  
 Without all these at once before your eyes,  
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.  
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,  
 Read them by day, and meditate by night ;  
 'Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims  
     bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring.  
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse ;  
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind  
 A work to' outlast immortal Rome design'd,  
 Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,  
 And but from Nature's fountain scorn'd to draw :  
 But when to' examine every part he came,  
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.  
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design,  
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine  
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line. }  
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;  
 To copy Nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,  
 For there's a happiness as well as care.

Music resembles poetry ; in each  
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach, }  
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.  
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,  
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)  
 Some lucky licence answer to the full  
 The' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.  
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,  
 May boldly deviate from the common track.  
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,  
 Which, without passing through the judgment, gains  
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.  
 In prospects thus some objects please our eyes, }  
 Which out of nature's common order rise,  
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.  
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,  
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend ;  
 But though the ancients thus their rules invade,  
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)  
 Moderns, beware ! or, if you must offend  
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end ;  
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need ;  
 And have at least the precedent to plead :  
 The critic else proceeds without remorse,  
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts  
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.  
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,  
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,  
 Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,  
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.  
 A prudent chief not always must display  
 His powers in equal ranks and fair array,

But with the' occasion and the place comply,  
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.  
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,  
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands  
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,  
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,  
Destructive war, and all-involving age.  
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring !  
Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring !  
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,  
And fill the general chorus of mankind.  
Hail, bards triumphant ! born in happier days,  
Immortal heirs of universal praise !  
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,  
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow ;  
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,  
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found !  
O may some spark of your celestial fire  
The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire,  
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights,  
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes)  
To teach vain wits a science little known,  
To' admire superior sense, and doubt their own !

*PART II.*

Causes hindering a true judgment.—Pride.—Imperfect learning.—Judging by parts, and not by the whole.—Critics in wit, language, versification, only.—Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire.—Partiality—too much love to a sect—to the ancients or moderns.—Prejudice or prevention.—Singularity.—Inconstancy. Party spirit—Envy.—Against envy, and in praise of good-nature.—When severity is chiefly to be used by critics.

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OF all the causes which conspire to blind  
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.  
 Whatever nature has in worth denied,  
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride :  
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :  
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense :  
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.  
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,  
 Make use of every friend—and every foe.  
 A little learning is a dangerous thing ;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.  
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,  
 While from the bounded level of our mind  
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;

But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise  
New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky!  
The' eternal snows appear already past,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:  
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey  
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;  
The' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit  
With the same spirit that its author writ;  
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find  
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;  
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,  
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.  
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,  
Correctly cold, and regularly low,  
That shunning faults one quiet tenor keep,  
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.  
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts  
Is not the' exactness of peculiar parts;  
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,  
But the joint force and full result of all.  
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,  
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)  
No single parts unequally surprise,  
All comes united to the' admiring eyes;  
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;  
The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
In every work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend;



And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.  
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,  
 To' avoid great errors must the less commit;  
 Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,  
 For not to know some trifles is a praise.  
 Most critics, fond of some subservient art,  
 Still make the whole depend upon a part:  
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,  
 And all to onc lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time La Mancha's knight, they say,  
 A certain bard encountering on the way,  
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,  
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage,  
 Concluding all were desperate sots and fools  
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.  
 Our author, happy in a judge so nice,  
 Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;  
 Made him observe the subject and the plot,  
 The manners, passions, unities, what not?  
 All which exact to rule were brought about,  
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.

'What! leave the combat out?' exclaims the knight.

'Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.'—

'Not so, by Heav'n! (he answers in a rage)  
 Knights, 'squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage.'

'So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.'—

'Then build a new, or act it on a plain.'

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,  
 Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,  
 Form short ideas, and offend in arts  
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,  
 And glittering thoughts struck out at every line ;  
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,  
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.  
 Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace  
 The naked nature and the living grace,  
 With gold and jewels cover every part,  
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.  
 True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,  
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;  
 Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,  
 That gives us back the image of our mind.  
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,  
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit :  
 For works may have more wit than does 'em good,  
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,  
 And value books, as women men, for dress :  
 Their praise is still—' the style excellent ;'  
 The sense they humbly take upon content.  
 Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound  
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.  
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
 Its gaudy colours spreads on every place ;  
 The face of nature we no more survey,  
 All glares alike, without distinction gay ;  
 But true expression, like the' unchanging sun,  
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon ;  
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.  
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still  
 Appears more decent as more suitable.  
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd  
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :  
 For different styles with different subjects sort,  
 As several garbs with country, town, and court.

Some by old words to fame have made pretence,  
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;  
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,  
 Amaze the' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.  
 Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,  
 These sparks with awkward vanity display  
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;  
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,  
 As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress'd.  
 In words as fashions the same rule will hold,  
 Alike fantastic if too new or old:  
 Be not the first by whom the new are tried,  
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.'

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,  
 And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong:  
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms con-  
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire; [spire,  
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,  
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there. }  
 These equal syllables alone require,  
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:  
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,  
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;  
 Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'  
 In the next line it 'whispers through the trees';  
 If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'  
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with 'sleep';  
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
 'That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length  
 along.'

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow,  
 And praise the easy vigour of a line [join.  
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness  
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;  
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow :  
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.  
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise, [main.  
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !  
 While at each change the son of Lybian Jove,  
 Now burns with glory and then melts with love ;  
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :  
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,  
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !  
 The power of music all our hearts allow,  
 And what Timotheus was, 'is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such  
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.  
 At every trifle scorn to take offence ;  
 That always shows great pride or little sense :  
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best  
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.  
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;  
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve :

As things seem large which we through mists descry,  
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;  
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.  
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied  
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.  
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,  
And force that sun but on a part to shine,  
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed,  
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;  
Which from the first has shone on ages past,  
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last ;  
Though each may feel increases and decays,  
And see now clearer and now darker days.  
Regard not then if wit be old or new,  
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,  
But catch the spreading notion of the town ;  
They reason and conclude by precedent,  
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.  
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then  
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.  
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he  
That in proud dulness joins with quality ;  
A constant critic at the great man's board,  
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.  
What woful stuff this madrigal would be  
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer or me !  
But let a lord once own the happy lines,  
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !  
Before his sacred name flies every fault,  
And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

The vulgar thus through imitation err ;  
As oft the learn'd, by being singular ;

So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng  
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.  
So schismatics the plain believers quit,  
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.  
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,  
But always think the last opinion right.  
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,  
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;  
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,  
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.  
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;  
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.  
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;  
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.  
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;  
Who knew most sentences was deepest read:  
Faith, gospel, all seem made to be disputed,  
And none had sense enough to be confuted.  
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain  
Amid their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.  
If faith itself has different dresses worn,  
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?  
Oft leaving what is natural and fit,  
The current folly proves the ready wit;  
And authors think their reputation safe,  
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.  
Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,  
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:  
Fondly we think we honour merit then,  
When we but praise ourselves in other men.  
Parties in wit attend on those of state,  
And public faction doubles private hate.  
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,  
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux

But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past ;  
For rising merit will buoy up at last.  
Might he return and bless once more our eyes,  
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise :  
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,  
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.  
Envy will merit as its shade pursue,  
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true ;  
For envied wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known  
The' opposing body's grossness, not its own.  
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,  
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;  
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,  
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;  
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.  
Short is the date, alas ! of modern rhymes,  
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.  
No longer now that golden age appears,  
When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years :  
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,  
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast :  
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,  
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.  
So when the faithful pencil has design'd  
Some bright idea of the master's mind,  
Where a new world leaps out at his command,  
And ready nature waits upon his hand ;  
When the ripe colours soften and unite,  
And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;  
When mellowing years their full perfection give,  
And each bold figure just begins to live,  
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,  
And all the bright creation fades away !



Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,  
Atones not for that envy which it brings:  
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,  
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost;  
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,  
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.  
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?  
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;  
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,  
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;  
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,  
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;  
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;  
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,  
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!  
Of old those met rewards who could excel,  
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:  
Though triumphs were to generals only due,  
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.  
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown  
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;  
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,  
Contending wits become the sport of fools;  
But still the worst with most regret commend,  
For each ill author is as bad a friend.  
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,  
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!  
Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,  
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.  
Good-nature and good sense must ever join;  
To err is human, to forgive divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,  
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain,

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,  
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.  
No pardon vile obscenity should find,  
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind ;  
But dulness with obscenity must prove  
As shameful sure as impotence in love.  
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,  
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase :

When love was all an easy monarch's care ;  
Seldom at council, never in a war ;  
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ ;  
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit ;  
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,  
And not a mask went unimprov'd away ;  
The modest fan was lifted up no more,  
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.  
The following licence of a foreign reign  
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;  
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,  
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;  
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights  
dispute, '   
Lest God himself should seem too absolute :  
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,  
And vice admir'd to find a flatterer there !  
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,  
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.  
These monsters, critics ! with your darts engage,  
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !  
Yet shun their fault, who scandalously nice,  
Will needs mistake an author into vice :  
All seems infected that the' infected spy,  
As all looks yellow to the jaundie'd eye.

*PART III.*

Rules for the conduct and manners in a critic.—Candour.—Modesty.—Good-breeding.—Sincerity and freedom of advice.—When one's counsel is to be restrained.—Character of an incorrigible poet.—And of an impertinent critic.—Character of a good critic.—The history of Criticism, and characters of the best critics: Aristotle.—Horace.—Dionysius.—Petronius.—Quintilian.—Longinus.—Of the decay of criticism, and its revival.—Erasmus.—Vida.—Boileau.—Lord Rosecommon, &c.—Conclusion.

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LEARN then what morals critics ought to show,  
 For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.  
 'Tis not enough taste, judgment, learning, join;  
 In all you speak let truth and candour shine;  
 That not alone what to your sense is due  
 All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense,  
 And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence;  
 Some positive persisting fops we know,  
 Who if once wrong will needs be always so;  
 But you with pleasure own your errors past,  
 And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;  
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do:  
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,  
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.  
 Without good-breeding truth is disapprov'd;  
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence,  
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.  
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,  
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;  
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,  
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,  
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,  
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.  
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,  
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull :  
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,  
As without learning they can take degrees.  
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,  
And flattery to fulsome dedicators ;  
Whom when they praise, the world believes no more  
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.  
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,  
And charitably let the dull be vain ;  
Your silence there is better than your spite,  
For who can rail so long as they can write ?  
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,  
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.  
False steps but help them to renew the race,  
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.  
What crowds of these, impudently bold,  
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,  
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,  
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,  
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,  
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !

Such shameless bards we have ; and yet 'tis true  
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.  
The bookish blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head,  
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,  
And always listening to himself appears.

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,  
 From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales.  
 With him most authors steal their works, or buy;  
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.  
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend;  
 Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?  
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,  
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-  
 yard:

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;  
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.  
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,  
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes; }  
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,  
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,  
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,  
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?  
 Unbias'd or by favour or by spite,  
 Not dully prepossess'd nor blindly right;  
 Though learn'd, well-bred, and though well-bred,  
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe; [sincere;  
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,  
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?  
 Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd,  
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;  
 Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;  
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics; such the happy few  
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.  
 The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,  
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;  
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,  
 Led by the light of the Mæonian star.

Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,  
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,  
 Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,  
 Who conquer'd nature should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,  
 And, without method, talks us into sense;  
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey  
 The truest notions in the easiest way.  
 He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,  
 Might boldly censure as he boldly writ,  
 Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire;  
 His precepts teach but what his works inspir'd.  
 Our critics take a contrary extreme,  
 They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm;  
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations  
 By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,  
 And call new beauties forth from every line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,  
 The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find  
 The justest rules and clearest method join'd.  
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,  
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;  
 But less to please the eye than arm the hand,  
 Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,  
 And bless their critic with a poet's fire:  
 An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,  
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;  
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws,  
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,  
 Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd:

Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,  
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew ;  
From the same foes at last both felt their doom,  
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.  
With tyranny then superstition join'd,  
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind ;  
Much was believ'd, but little understood,  
And to be dull was construed to be good :  
A second deluge learning thus o'er-ran,  
And the monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,  
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame !)  
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,  
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see ! each Muse in Leo's golden days  
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays ;  
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,  
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.  
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive ;  
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live ;  
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung ;  
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung :  
Immortal Vida ! on whose honour'd brow  
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow !  
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,  
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame !

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,  
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd ;  
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,  
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France ;  
The rules a nation born to serve obeys,  
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.  
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,  
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd ;



Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,  
We still defied the Romans, as of old.  
Yet some there were among the sounder few  
Of those who less presum'd and better knew,  
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,  
And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.  
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell  
'Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.'  
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,  
With manners generous as his noble blood;  
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,  
And every author's merit but his own.  
Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,  
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;  
To failings mild, but zealous for desert,  
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.  
This humble praise, lamented shade ! receive ;  
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give :  
The muse whose early voice you taught to sing,  
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,  
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,  
But in low numbers short excursions tries ;  
Content if hence the 'unlearn'd their wants may view,  
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew ;  
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;  
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;  
Averse alike to flatter or offend :  
Not free from faults, not yet too vain to mend.

AN  
ESSAY ON MAN.

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

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THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) 'come home to men's business and bosoms,' I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature and his state; since to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points; there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will forever escape our observations. The disputes are all upon these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men, against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of

doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible ! and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose ; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious ; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards : the other may seem odd, but it is true ; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself ; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious ; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these, without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general map of man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow : consequently these epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage : to deduce the rivers to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

## EPISTLE I.

### OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

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#### ARGUMENT.

Of man in the abstract—1. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things.—2. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown.—3. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends.—4. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations.—5. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural.—6. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfections of the angels, and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable.—7. That throughout the whole visible world an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason: that reason alone countervails all the other faculties.—8. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed.—9. The extravagance, madness, and pride, of such a desire.—10. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

---

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things  
To low ambition and the pride of Kings.

Let us (since life can little more supply  
 Than just to look about us and to die)  
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;  
 A mighty maze ! but not without a plan;  
 A wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,  
 Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.  
 Together let us beat this ample field,  
 Try what the open, what the covert yield;  
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore  
 Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar;  
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,  
 And catch the manners living as they rise;  
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,  
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.

1. Say first, of God above or man below  
 What can we reason but from what we know?  
 Of man what see we but his station here,  
 From which to reason or to which refer?  
 Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be  
 'Tis our's to trace him only in our own. [known,  
 He who through vast immensity can pierce,  
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,  
 Observe how system into system runs,  
 What other planets circle other suns,  
 What varied beings people every star,  
 May tell why Heaven has made us as we are:  
 But of this frame the bearings and the ties,  
 The strong connexions, nice dependencies,  
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul  
 Look'd through; or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,  
 And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

2. Presumptuous man ! the reason wouldst thou  
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ! [find,  
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,  
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?  
 Ask of thy mother-earth, why oaks are made  
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade !  
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,  
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove !

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd  
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,  
 Where all must full or not coherent be,  
 And all that rises rise in due degree ;  
 Then in the scale of reasoning life 'tis plain  
 There must be somewhere such a rank as man ;  
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)  
 Is only this,—If God has plac'd him wrong ?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,  
 May, must be right, as relative to all.  
 In human works, though labour'd on with pain,  
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;  
 In God's, one single can its end produce,  
 Yet serves to second too some other use :  
 So man, who here seems principal alone,  
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,  
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal :  
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. [strains

When the proud steed shall know why man re-  
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains :  
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,  
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god ;  
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend  
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;  
 Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd ; and why  
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault ;  
Say rather man's as perfect as he ought ;  
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place,  
His time a moment, and a point his space.  
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,  
What matter soon or late, or here or there !  
The bless'd to-day is as completely so  
As who began a thousand years ago. [fate,

3. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of  
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know ;  
Or who could suffer being here below ?  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason would he skip and play ?  
Pleas'd to the last he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.  
O blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,  
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven ;  
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.  
Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;  
Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.  
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :  
Man never is but always to be bless'd.  
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;  
His soul proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk or milky way ;



Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,  
 Behind the eloud-top'd hill, an humbler heav'n ;  
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrae'd,  
 Some happier island in the watery waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
 To be content's his natural desire ;  
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

4. Go, wiser thou ! and in thy seale of sense  
 Weigh thy opinion against Providenee ;  
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such ;  
 Say here he gives too little, there too much ;  
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust ;  
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,  
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there ;  
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
 Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.  
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
 Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,  
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods :  
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :  
 And who but wishes to invert the laws  
 Of order, sins against the' Eternal cause.

5. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,  
 Earth for whose use?—Pride answers. "Tis for mine:  
 For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,  
 Suckles each herb and spreads out every flower ;  
 Annual for me the grape, the rose, rencw  
 The juicc nectareous and the balmy dew :

For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;  
For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;  
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;  
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.'

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,  
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,  
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep  
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?  
'No, ('tis replied) the first Almighty Cause  
Acts not by partial but by general laws :  
The' exceptions few ; some change since all began ;  
And what created perfect ?'—Why then man ?  
If the great end be human happiness,  
Then Nature deviates ; and can man do less ?  
As much that end a constant course requires  
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires ;  
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,  
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.  
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,  
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline ?  
Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,  
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,  
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,  
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?  
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs ;  
Account for moral as for natural things :  
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit ?  
In both to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,  
Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;  
That never air or ocean felt the wind :  
That never passion discompos'd the mind :  
But all subsists by elemental strife ;  
And passions are the elements of life.

The general order, since the whole began,  
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man. [soar,

6. What would this man? Now upward will he  
And little less than angel, would be more;  
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears  
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.  
Made for his use all creatures if he call,  
Say what their use had he the powers of all?  
Nature to these without profusion kind,  
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd;  
Each seeming want compensated of course,  
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;  
All in exact proportion to the state;  
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.  
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:  
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?  
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,  
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)  
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;  
No powers of body or of soul to share,  
But what his nature and his state can bear.  
Why has not man a microscopic eye?  
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.  
Say what the use were finer optics giv'n,  
To' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?  
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,  
To smart and agonize at every pore?  
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,  
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?  
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,  
And stun'd him with the music of the spheres,  
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still  
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill?

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,  
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

7. Far as creation's ample range extends  
The scale of sensual, mental, powers ascends :  
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race  
From the green myriads in the peopled grass :  
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,  
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam !  
Of smell, the headlong lyoness between  
And hound sagacious on the tainted green !  
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood  
To that which warbles through the vernal wood !  
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !  
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :  
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,  
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew !  
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,  
Compar'd, half reasoning elephant, with thine !  
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier !  
For ever separate, yet for ever near !  
Remembrance and reflection how allied !  
What thin partitions sense from thought divide !  
And middle natures how they long to join,  
Yet never pass the' insuperable line !  
Without this just gradation could they be  
Subjected these to those, or all to thee ?  
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,  
Is not thy reason all these powers in one ?

8. See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,  
All matter quick and bursting into birth !  
Above, how high progressive life may go !  
Around, how wide ! how deep, extend below !  
Vast chain of being ! which from God began ;  
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,

Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
 No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee ;  
 From thee to nothing—On superior powers  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;  
 Or in the full creation leave a void,  
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:  
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,  
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,  
 Alike essential to the' amazing whole,  
 The least confusion but in one, not all  
 That system only, but the whole must fall.  
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,  
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky ;  
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,  
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world ;  
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,  
 And nature tremble to the throne of God.  
 All this dread order break—for whom ? for thee ?  
 Vile worm !—O madness ! pride ! impiety !

9. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,  
 Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head ?  
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?  
 Just as absurd for any part to claim  
 To be another in this general frame ;  
 Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains  
 The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul :  
 That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,  
 Great in the earth as in the' ethereal frame,  
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;

Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;  
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:  
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

10. Cease then, nor order imperfection name;  
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree  
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.  
Submit—In this or any other sphere,  
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear;  
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,  
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.  
All nature is but art unknown to thee;  
All chance direction, which thou can'st not see;  
All discord, harmony not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good:  
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
One truth is clear, *Whatever is is right.*

*EPISTLE II.*

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT  
TO HIMSELF AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

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ARGUMENT.

1. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties.—The limits of his capacity.—2. The two principles of man, self love, and reason, both necessary.—Self love the stronger, and why.—Their end the same.—3. The passions, and their use.—The predominant passion, and its force.—Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes.—Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of reason.—5. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it.—6. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections.—How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men: how useful they are to society; and to the individuals, in every state, and every age of life.

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1. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;  
The proper study of mankind is man.  
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,  
A being darkly wise and rudely great;  
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,  
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,  
He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest;  
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;  
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;  
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;  
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,  
Whether he thinks too little or too much:



Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;  
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd ;  
Created half to risc, and half to fall ;  
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all :  
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd ;  
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world ! [guides ;  
Go, wondrous creature ! mount where science  
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;  
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,  
Correct old time, and regulate the sun ;  
Go, soar with Plato to the' empyreal sphere,  
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;  
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,  
And quitting sense call, imitating God ;  
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,  
And turn their heads to imitate the sun,  
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—  
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !  
Superior beings, when of late they saw  
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,  
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.

Could He, whose rules the rapid comet bind,  
Describe or fix one movement of his mind ?  
Who saw its fires here risc, and there descend,  
Explain his own beginning or his end ?  
Alas ! what wonder ! man's superior part  
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art ;  
But when his own great work is but begun,  
What reason weaves by passion is undone.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide :  
First strip off all her equipage of pride ;  
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,  
Or learning's luxury, or idleness ;

Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,  
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain :  
 Expunge the whole, or lop the' excrescent parts  
 Of all our vices have created arts ;  
 Then see how little the remaining sum,  
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come !

2. Two principles in human nature reign,  
 Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain ;  
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,  
 Each works its end, to move or govern all ;  
 And to their proper operation still  
 Ascribe all good, to their improper—ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;  
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.  
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,  
 And but for this, were active to no end ;  
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,  
 To draw nutrition, propagate and rot ;  
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,  
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;  
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.  
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,  
 Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.  
 Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh ;  
 Reasons at distance, and in prospect lie :  
 That sees immediate good by present sense ;  
 Reason the future and the consequence.  
 Thicker than arguments temptations throng ;  
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.  
 The action of the stronger to suspend,  
 Reason still use, to reason still attend.  
 Attention habit and experience gains ;  
 Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,  
 More studious to divide than to unite ;  
 And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,  
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.

Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,  
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.  
 Self-love and reason to one end aspire,  
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;  
 But greedy that, its object would devour ;  
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flower :  
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,  
 Our greatest evil or our greatest good.

3. Modes of self-love the passions we may call ;  
 'Tis real good or seeming, moves them all :  
 But since not every good we can divide,  
 And reason bids us for our own provide,  
 Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,  
 List under reason, and deserve her care ;  
 Those that imparted, court a nobler aim,  
 Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast  
 Their virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;  
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;  
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest ;  
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul,  
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.  
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,  
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale ;  
 Nor God alone in the still ealm we find,  
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,  
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :  
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;  
 But what composes man can man destroy ?

Suffice that reason keep to nature's road ;  
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.  
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,  
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,  
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,  
Make and maintain the balance of the mind ;  
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife  
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,  
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise ;  
Present to grasp, and future still to find,  
The whole employ of body and of mind.  
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;  
On different senses different objects strike ;  
Hence different passions more or less inflame,  
As strong or weak the organs of the frame ;  
And hence one master-passion in the breast,  
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath  
Receives the lurking principle of death,  
The young disease, that must subdue at length,  
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his  
So, cast and mingled with his very frame, [strength :  
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came ;  
Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,  
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul ;  
Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,  
As the mind opens and its functions spread,  
Imagination plies her dangerous art,  
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse,  
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse ;  
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,  
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,  
In this weak queen some favourite still obey :  
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,  
What can she more than tell us we are fools ?  
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,  
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !  
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade  
The choice we make, or justify it made ;  
Proud of an easy conquest all along,  
She but removes weak passions for the strong :  
So when small humours gather to a gout,  
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd ;  
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard ;  
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,  
And treat this passion more as friend than foe :  
A mightier power the strong direction sends,  
And several men impels to several ends :  
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,  
This drives them constant to a certain coast.  
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,  
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ;  
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expense ;  
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,  
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,  
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

The' eternal art edueing good from ill,  
Grafts on this passion our best principle :  
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,  
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd ;  
The dross elements what else were too refin'd,  
And in one interest body acts with mind.

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,  
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear ;

The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,  
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.  
What crops of wit and honesty appear  
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!  
See anger zeal and fortitude supply;  
Ev'n avarice prudence, sloth philosophy;  
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,  
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;  
Envy, to which the' ignoble mind's a slave,  
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;  
Nor virtue male or female can we name,  
But what will grow on pride or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)  
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:  
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,  
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.  
The fiery soul abhor'd in Cataline,  
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:  
The same ambition can destroy or save,  
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

4. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,  
What shall divide?—the God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce;  
In man they join to some mysterious use;  
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,  
As in some well-wrought picture light and shade,  
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice  
Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall  
That vice or virtue there is none at all.  
If white and black blend, soften, and unite  
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?  
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;  
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

5. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be scen ;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.  
But where the' extreme of vice was ne'er agreed :  
Ask where's the north ?—at York 'tis on the Tweed ;  
In Scotland at the Orcades ; and there  
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.  
No creature owns it in the first degree,  
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he ;  
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,  
Or never feel the rage, or never own ;  
What happier natures shrink at with affright,  
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,  
Few in the' extreme, but all in the degree :  
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,  
And ev'n the best by fits what they despise.  
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ;  
For vice or virtue self directs it still ;  
Each individual seeks a several goal ;  
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole :  
That counterworks each folly and caprice ;  
That disappoints the' effect of every vice ;  
That happy frailties to all ranks applied,  
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,  
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,  
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief :  
That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,  
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise ;  
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,  
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind !

Heaven forming each on other to depend,  
A master, or a servant, or a friend,



Bids each on other for assistance call,  
 Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.  
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally  
 The common interest, or endear the tie.  
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,  
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;  
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,  
 Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign ;  
 Taught, half by reason, half by merc decay,  
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away.  
 Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,  
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.  
 The learn'd is happy nature to explore,  
 The fool is happy that he knows no more ;  
 The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,  
 The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.  
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,  
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;  
 The starving chemist in his golden views  
 Supremely bless'd, the poet in his Musc.

See some strange comfort every state attend,  
 And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :  
 See some fit passion every age supply ;  
 Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,  
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :  
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
 A little louder, but as empty quite :  
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age :  
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,  
 Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile, opinion gilds with varying rays  
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;

Each want of happiness by hope supplied,  
And each vacuity of sense by pride :  
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy :  
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy ;  
One prospect lost, another still we gain,  
And not a vanity is given in vain :  
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,  
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.  
See ! and confess one comfort still must rise ;  
'Tis this,—Though man's a fool, yet God is wise

*EPISTLE III.*

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO  
SOCIETY.

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ARGUMENT.

1. The whole universe one system of society.—Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another.—The happiness of animals mutual.—2. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual.—Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals.—3. How far society carried by instinct;—how much farther by reason.—4. Of that which is called the state of nature.—Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts;—and in the forms of society.—5. Origin of political societies;—origin of monarchy;—patriarchal government.—5. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love;—origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear.—The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good.—Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle.—Mixed government.—Various forms of each, and the true end of all.

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HERE then we rest:—‘the Universal Cause  
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.’  
In all the madness of superfluous health,  
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,  
Let this great truth be present night and day,  
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

1. Look round our world; behold the chain of love  
Combining all below and all above.  
See plastic Nature working to this end,  
The single atoms each to other tend,  
Attract, attracted to, the next in place  
Form’d and impell’d its neighbour to embrace.  
See matter next, with various life endued,  
Press to one centre still the general good:

See dying vegetables life sustain,  
 See life dissolving, vegetate again :  
 All forms that perish other forms supply,  
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)  
 Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.  
 Nothing is foreign, parts relate to whole :  
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul  
 Connects each being, greatest with the least,  
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;  
 All serv'd, all serving ; nothing stands alone ;  
 The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,  
 Thy joy, thy pastime, ~~thy~~ attire, thy food ?  
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,  
 For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn :  
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?—  
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.  
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?—  
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.  
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,  
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.  
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?—  
 The birds of Heaven shall vindicate their grain.  
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?—  
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.  
 The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,  
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know Nature's children all divide her care ;  
 The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.  
 While man exclaims, ' See all things for my use !'  
 ' See man for mine !' replies the pamper'd goose :  
 And just as short of reason he must fall,  
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control,  
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole :  
Nature that tyrant checks : he only knows,  
And helps another creature's wants and woes.  
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,  
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?  
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ?  
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?—  
Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,  
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;  
For some his interest prompts him to provide,  
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride :  
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy  
The' extensive blessing of his luxury.  
That very life his learned hunger craves,  
He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;  
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,  
And till he ends the being, makes it bless'd ;  
Which sees no more the stroke, nor feels the pain,  
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.  
The creature had his feast of life before ;  
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er !

To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,  
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :  
To man imparts it, but with such a view  
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :  
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,  
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.  
Great standing miracle ! that Heav'n assign'd,  
Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.

2. Whether with reason or with instinct bless'd,  
Know all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best ;  
To bliss alike by that direction tend,  
And find the means proportion'd to their end.

Say, where full instinct is the' unerring guide,  
 What pope or council can they need beside?  
 Reason, however able, cool at best,  
 Cares not for service, or but serves when press'd,  
 Stays till we call, and then not often near;  
 But honest instinct comes a volunteer,  
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit,  
 While still too wide or short is human wit  
 Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,  
 Which heavier reason labours at in vain.  
 This, too, serves always; reason, never long;  
 One must go right, the other may go wrong,  
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs  
 One in their nature, which are two in ours;  
 And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,  
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood  
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food?  
 Prescient the tides or tempests to withstand,  
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?  
 Who made the spider parallels design,  
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?  
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore  
 Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?  
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,  
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

3. God in the nature of each being founds  
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;  
 But as he fram'd the whole the whole to bless,  
 On mutual wants built mutual happiness:  
 So from the first eternal order ran,  
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.  
 Whate'er of life all-quickening ether keeps,  
 Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps;

Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds  
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.  
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,  
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,  
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,  
 Each sex desires alike, till two are one.  
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace:  
 They love themselves a third time in their race.  
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,  
 The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;  
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,  
 There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;  
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,  
 Another love succeeds another race.  
 A longer care man's helpless kind demands;  
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:  
 Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,  
 At once extend the interest and the love;  
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;  
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;  
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,  
 That graft benevolence on charities.  
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,  
 These natural love maintain'd, habitual those:  
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,  
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began;  
 Memory and forecast just returns engage,  
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age;  
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,  
 Still spread the interest, and preserv'd the kind.  
 4. Nor think in Nature's state they blindly trod;  
 The state of Nature was the reign of God:  
 Self-love and social at her birth began,  
 Union the bond of all things, and of man.



Pride then was not, nor arts that pride to aid ;  
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;  
The same his table, and the same his bed ;  
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed :  
In the same temple, the resounding wood,  
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :  
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd,  
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :  
Heaven's attribute was universal care,  
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare.  
Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !  
Of half that live, the butcher and the tomb ;  
Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,  
Murders their species, and betrays his own.  
But just disease to luxury succeeds,  
And every death its own avenger breeds ;  
The fury passions from that blood began,  
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising slow to art !  
To copy instinct then was reason's part :  
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake—  
' Go, from the creatures thy instructions take ;  
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;  
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;  
Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;  
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;  
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.  
Here too all forms of social union find,  
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind :  
Here subterranean works and cities see ;  
Their towns ærial on the waving tree.  
Learn each small people's genius, policies ;  
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;

How those in common all their wealth bestow,  
And anarchy without confusion know ;  
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,  
Their separate cells and properties maintain.  
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,  
Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.  
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,  
Entangle justice in her net of law,  
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,  
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.  
Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,  
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;  
And for those arts mere instinct could afford,  
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd.'

5. Great Nature spoke ; observant man obey'd ;  
Cities were built, societies were made ;  
Here rose onc little state ; another near  
Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.  
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,  
And there the streams in purer rills descend ?  
What war could ravish, commeree could bestow,  
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.  
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,  
When love was liberty, and nature law.  
Thus states were form'd, the name of king unknown,  
Till common interest plac'd the sway in one.  
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,  
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)  
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,  
A prince the father of a people made.

6. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch sate  
King, priest, and parent of his growing state ;  
On him, their second Providence, they hung,  
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue,

He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,  
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,  
Draw forth the monsters of the' abyss profound,  
Or fetch the' aërial eagle to the ground;  
Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began  
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:  
'Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd  
One great first father, and that first ador'd:  
Or plain tradition that this *all* begun,  
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;  
The worker from the work distinct was known,  
And simple reason never sought but one.  
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,  
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;  
'To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,  
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.  
Love all the faith, and all the' allegiance then,  
For nature knew no right divine in men;  
No ill could fear in God, and understood  
A sovereign being but a sovereign good,  
True faith, true policy, united ran;  
That was but love of God, and this of man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,  
The' enormous faith of many made for one;  
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,  
To' invert the world, and counterwork its cause?—  
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law;  
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,  
'Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,  
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects, made;  
She, midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,  
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the  
ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,  
'To power unseñ, and mightier far than they;

She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,  
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise ;  
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes ;  
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods ;  
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,  
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust :  
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,  
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.  
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,  
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride :  
'Then sacred seem'd the' ethereal vault no more ;  
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :  
'Then first the flamen tasted living food,  
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;  
With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,  
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love through just and through unjust,  
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust :  
The same self-love in all becomes the cause  
Of what restrains him, government and laws.  
For, what one likes if others like as well,  
What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?  
How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,  
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?  
His safety must his liberty restrain :  
All join to guard what each desires to gain.  
Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,  
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence :  
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,  
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head, or generous mind,  
Follower of God, or friend of human-kind,  
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore  
The faith and moral Nature gave before ;

Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;  
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew ;  
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,  
Taught not to slack nor strain its tender strings,  
The less or greater set so justly true,  
That touching one must strike the other too,  
'Till jarring interests of themselves create  
The' according music of a well-mix'd state.  
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs  
From order, union, full consent of things ; {made  
Where small and great, where weak and mighty,  
To serve, not suffer ; strengthen, not invade ;  
More powerful each as needful to the rest,  
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ;  
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring  
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.  
For forms of government let fools contest :  
Whate'er is best administer'd is best :  
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.  
In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity :  
All must be false that thwart this one great end ;  
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives ;  
'The strength he gains is from the' embrace he gives.  
On their own axis as the planets run,  
Yet make at once their circle round the sun ;  
So two consistent motions act the soul,  
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the general frame,  
And bade self-love and social be the same.

*EPISTLE IV.*

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT  
TO HAPPINESS.

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ARGUMENT.

1. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered.
- 2. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all.—God intends happiness to be equal; and, to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws.—As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these.—But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear.—3. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage.—The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune.—4. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars.—5. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest.—6. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue.—That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches.—Honours.—Nobility.—Greatness.—Fame.—Superior talents, with pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all. 7. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter.

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O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!  
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:  
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,  
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies.  
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.  
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,  
 Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?  
 Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,  
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ?  
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ? [toil,  
 Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If vain our  
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :  
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,  
 'Tis no where to be found, or every where :  
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,  
 And fled from monarchs, St. John ! dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way ? the learn'd are blind ;  
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ;  
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,  
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these ;  
 Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;  
 Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain !  
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,  
 To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less  
 Than this, that happiness is happiness ?—

Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave ;  
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ;  
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell :  
 There needs but thinking right and meaning well ;  
 And mourn our various portions as we please,  
 Equal is common sense and common ease.

Remember, man, ' the Universal Cause  
 Acts not by partial but by general laws,'  
 And makes what happiness we justly call  
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.



There's not a blessing individuals find,  
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;  
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,  
 No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfied:  
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,  
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.  
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,  
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:  
 Each has his share; and who would more obtain,  
 Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.  
 Order is Heaven's first law; and, this confess'd,  
 Some are and must be greater than the rest,  
 More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence  
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.  
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,  
 If all are equal in their happiness:  
 But mutual wants this happiness increase:  
 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.  
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;  
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,  
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,  
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend:  
 Heav'n breathes through every member of the whole  
 One common blessing, as one common soul,  
 But fortune's gifts, if each alike possess'd,  
 And each were equal, must not all contest?  
 If then to all men happiness was meant,  
 God in externals could not place content,

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;  
 But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,  
 While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear;  
 Not present good or ill the joy or curse,  
 But future views of better or of worse.

O sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise  
 By mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies ?  
 Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,  
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know all the good that individuals find,  
 Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,  
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
 Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.  
 But health consists with temperance alone ;  
 And peace, O virtue ! peace is all thy own.  
 The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;  
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.  
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,  
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right ?  
 Of vice or virtue, whether bless'd or curs'd,  
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?  
 Count all the' advantage prosperous vice attains,  
 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains :  
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,  
 One they must want, which is to pass for good.

O blind to truth and God's whole scheme below,  
 Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe !  
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,  
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be bless'd,  
 But fools the good alone unhappy call,  
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.  
 See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just !  
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust !  
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife !—  
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?  
 Say, was it virtue, more though Heav'n ne'er gave,  
 Lamented Digby ! sunk thee to the grave ?  
 Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,  
 Why full of days and honour lives the sire ?

Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath  
When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?  
Or why so long (in life if long can be)  
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all physical or moral ill?  
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.  
God sends not ill, if rightly understood,  
Or partial ill is universal good,  
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall  
Short and but rare, till man improv'd it all.  
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain  
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,  
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease  
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.  
Think we, like some weak prince, the'Eternal Cause  
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,  
Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?  
On air or sea new motions be impress'd,  
O blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?  
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,  
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?  
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,  
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)  
Contents us not.—A better shall we have?  
A kingdom of the just then let it be;  
But first consider how those just agree.  
The good must merit God's peculiar care;  
But who but God can tell us who they are?  
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;  
Another deems him instrument of hell:  
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing or his rod,  
This cries there is, and that there is no God.

What shocks one part will edify the rest ;  
 Nor with one system can they all be bless'd.  
 The very best will variously incline,  
 And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.  
 Whatever is is right.—This world, 'tis true,  
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too: [say,  
 And which more bless'd ? who chain'd his country,  
 Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day ?—

‘ But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed.’  
 What then ? is the reward of virtue bread ?  
 That vice may merit ; 'tis the price of toil ;  
 The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,  
 The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,  
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.  
 The good man may be weak, be indolent ;  
 Nor is his claim to plenty but content.  
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er ; [pow'r ?  
 ‘ No—shall the good want health, the good want  
 Add health and power, and every earthly thing.  
 ‘ Why bounded power ? why private ? why no king ?  
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n ?  
 Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n ?’—  
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive  
 God gives enough while he has more to give :  
 Immense the power, immense were the demand ;  
 Say at what part of nature will they stand ?—

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,  
 The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy,  
 Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix ?  
 Then give humility a coach and six,  
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,  
 Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.  
 Weak, foolish man ! will Heaven reward us there  
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here ?

The boy and man an individual makes,  
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?  
 Go, like the Indian, in another life  
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;  
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,  
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind:  
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring  
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing.  
 How oft by these at sixty are undone  
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!  
 To whom can riches give repute or trust,  
 Content or pleasure, but the good and just?  
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold;  
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.  
 O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,  
 The lover and the love of human-kind,  
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,  
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.  
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,  
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;  
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,  
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.  
 'What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?  
 I'll tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool.  
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,  
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;  
 The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings;  
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.  
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,  
 In quiet flow from Luerée to Lucrece:

But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,  
Count me those only who were good and great.  
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood  
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;  
Go! and pretend your family is young,  
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.  
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?—  
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?  
'Where but among the heroes and the wise?'  
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,  
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;  
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find  
Or make an enemy of all mankind!  
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,  
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.  
No less alike the politic and wise;  
All sly slow things with circumspective eyes:  
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,  
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.  
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,  
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:  
Who wickedly is wise or madly brave,  
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.  
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,  
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,  
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed  
Like Socrates;—that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath;  
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death:  
Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown  
The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.  
All that we feel of it begins and ends  
In the small circle of our foes or friends;

To all beside as much an empty shade,  
An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead ;  
Alike or when or where, they shone or shine,  
Or on the Rubieon or on the Rhine.  
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;  
An honest man's the noblest work of God.  
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,  
As justice tears his body from the grave ;  
When what to' oblivion better were resign'd  
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.  
All fame is foreign but of true desert,  
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :  
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas ;  
And more true joy Marcellus, exil'd, feels  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.  
In parts superior what advantage lies !  
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?  
'Tis but to know how little can be known,  
To see all others' faults, and feel our own,  
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,  
Without a second, or without a judge :  
Truth would you teach, or save a sinking land ?  
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.  
Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view  
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;  
Make fair deductions ; see to what they 'mount ;  
How much of other each is sure to cost ;  
How each for other oft is wholly lost ;  
How inconsistent greater goods with these ;  
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease :  
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,  
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall ?



To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,  
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.  
Is ycllow dirt the passion of thy life?  
Look but on Gripus or on Gripus' wife.  
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,  
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!  
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,  
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!  
If all united thy ambition call,  
From ancient story learn to scorn them all;  
There in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,  
See the false scale of happiness complete!  
In hearts of kings or arms of queens who lay,  
How happy! those to ruin, these betray.  
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,  
From dirt and sea-weed, as proud Venice rose;  
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,  
And all that rais'd the hero sunk the man;  
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,  
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold;  
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,  
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.  
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame  
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!  
What greater bliss attends their close of life!  
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,  
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,  
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.  
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,  
Compute the morn and evening to the day;  
The whole amount of that enormous fame,  
A tale that blends their glory with their shame!  
Know then this truth (enough for man to know),  
'Virtue alone is happiness below.'

The only point where human bliss stands still,  
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;  
Where only merit constant pay receives,  
Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives ;  
The joy unequal'd if its end it gain,  
And, if it lose, attended with no pain :  
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,  
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :  
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,  
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears :  
Good from each object, from each place, acquir'd,  
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;  
Never elated while one man's oppress'd ;  
Never dejected while another's bless'd ;  
And where no wants no wishes can remain,  
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !  
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :  
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,  
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find ;  
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks through nature up to nature's God ;  
Pursues that chain which links the' immense design,  
Joins Heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;  
Sees that no being any bliss can know,  
But touches some above and some below ;  
Learns from this union of the rising whole,  
The first, last purpose, of the human soul ;  
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,  
All end, in love of God and love of man.

For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,  
And opens still and opens on his soul,  
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,  
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind,

He sees why nature plants in man alone  
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :  
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind  
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)  
Wise is her present ; she connects in this  
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;  
At once his own bright prospect to be bless'd,  
And strongest motive to assist the rest.  
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,  
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.  
Is this too little for the boundless heart ?  
Extend it, let thy enemies have part :  
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,  
In one close system of benevolence :  
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,  
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts : but human soul  
Must rise from individual to the whole.  
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,  
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake :  
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,  
Another still, and still another spreads ;  
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;  
His country next, and next all human race ;  
Wide and more wide, the' o'erflowings of the mind  
Take every creature in of every kind :  
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty bless'd,  
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend ! my genius ! come along ;  
O master of the poet and the song !  
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,  
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,  
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,  
To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;

Form'd by thy converse happily to steer  
From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;  
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,  
Intent to reason, or polite to please.  
O ! while along the stream of time thy name  
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,  
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?  
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,  
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,  
Shall then this verse to future age pretend  
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ?  
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art  
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;  
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light,  
Show'd erring pride—whatever is is right ;  
That reason, passion, answer one great aim ;  
That true self-love and social are the same ;  
That virtue only makes our bliss below,  
And all our knowledge is—ourselves to know.

*UNIVERSAL PRAYER.*

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all ! in every age,  
In every clime, ador'd,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou great First Cause, least understood :  
Who all my sense confin'd  
To know but this, that thou art good,  
And that myself am blind :

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill ;  
And binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do ;  
This teach me more than hell to shun,  
That more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away ;  
For God is paid when man receives ;  
To' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round

Let not this weak unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride  
Or impious discontent  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quicken'd by thy breath:  
O lead me, whereso'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot:  
All else beneath the sun  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
And let thy will be done.

To Thee whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar earth, sea, skies!  
One chorus let all being raise!  
All nature's incense rise!

# MORAL ESSAYS.

## IN FOUR EPISTLES.

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Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se  
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :  
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,  
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ  
Interdum urbani. parentis viribus, atque  
Extenuantis eas consulto, HOR.

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### ADVERTISEMENT.

(BY DR. WARBURTON.)

THE Essay on Man was intended to have been comprised in four books :

The first of which the author has given us under that title in four epistles.

The second was to have consisted of the same number : 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable ; together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application, of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning ; of the science of the world ; and of wit ; concluding with a satire against the misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The third book regarded civil regimen, or the



science of politics; in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, as far forth as they affect society: between which the author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connection. So that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.

The fourth and last book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more; and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times; and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his strong capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra poetæ* that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The first, as it treats of man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects of the three following: so that

The second book was to take up again the first and second epistles of the first book, and to treat

of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the fourth book of the *Dunciad*; and up and down, occasionally, in the other three.

The third book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the third epistle of the first, which treats of man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an epic poem, as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The fourth and last book was to pursue the subject of the fourth epistle of the first, and to treat of ethics, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members, of which the four following epistles were detached portions: the two first, on the characters of men and women, being the introductory part of this concluding book.

*EPISTLE I.*

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

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ARGUMENT.

1. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract : books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly.—General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional.—Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself.—Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c.—The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by.—Our own principles of action often bid from ourselves.—Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent.—The same man utterly different in different places and seasons.—Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest.—Nothing constant and certain but God and nature.—No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions.—Yet to form characters we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy.—Characters given according to the rank of men of the world; and some reason for it.—Education alters the nature, or at least the character, of many.—Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature.—3. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion; that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions.—Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio.—A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind.—Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath.

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*PART I.*

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,  
Who from his study rails at human kind;

Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance  
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.  
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,  
That from his cage cries 'cuckold, whore, and knave;  
Though many a passenger he rightly call,  
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,  
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.  
To observations which ourselves we make,  
We grow more partial for the observer's sake;  
To written wisdom, as another's, less:  
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.  
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,  
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein.  
Shall only man be taken in the gross?  
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;  
Next, that he varies from himself no less;  
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,  
And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds?  
Quick whirls and shifting eddies of our minds.  
On human actions reason though you can,  
It may be reason, but it is not man:  
His principle of action once explore,  
That instant 'tis his principle no more.  
Like following life through creatures you dissect,  
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the difference is as great between  
The optics seeing as the objects seen.  
All manners take a tincture from our own,  
Or come discolour'd, through our passions shown;  
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,  
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,  
It hurries all too fast to mark their way :  
In vain sedate reflections we would make,  
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.  
Oft in the passions' wild rotation tost,  
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :  
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,  
And what comes then, is master of the field.  
As the least image of that troubled heap,  
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,  
(Though past the recollection of the thought)  
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought :  
Something as dim to our internal view  
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known ;  
Others so very close, they're hid from none ;  
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)  
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight ;  
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul  
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.  
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,  
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves :  
When universal homage Umbra pays,  
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.  
When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,  
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find ;  
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind :  
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole ;  
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.  
The dull flat falsehood serves for policy ;  
And in the cunning truth itself's a lie :  
Unthought of frailties cheat us in the wise :  
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man in vigour, in the gout,  
 Alone, in company, in place, or out;  
 Early at business, and at hazard late,  
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate,  
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a hall,  
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall!

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,  
 Thinks who endures a knave is next a knave,  
 Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,  
 A rogue with venison to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,  
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,  
 His comprehensive head, all interests weigh'd,  
 All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd?  
 He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,  
 Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.

What made (say Montaigne, or more sage  
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon? [Charron)  
 A perjur'd prince a leaden saint revere,  
 A godless regent tremble at a star?  
 The throne a higtot keep, a genius quit,  
 Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit?  
 Europe a woman, child, or dotard, rule;  
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, God and nature only are the same:  
 In man the judgment shoots at flying game,  
 A bird of passage! gone as soon as found;  
 Now in the moon, perhaps, now under ground.

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## PART II.

Is vain the sage, with retrospective eye,  
 Would from the' apparent *what* conclude the *why*,

Infer the motive from the deed, and show  
That what we chanc'd, was what we meant to do.  
Behold ! if fortune or a mistress frowns,  
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:  
'To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,  
This quits an empire, that embroils a state.  
The same adust complexion has impell'd  
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions show the man : we find  
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind ;  
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast :  
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :  
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat ;  
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great :  
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave ;  
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :  
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise ;  
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;  
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can :  
The few that glare each character must mark ;  
You balance not the many in the dark.  
What will you do with such as disagree ?  
Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?  
Must then at once (the character to save)  
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?  
Alas ! in truth the man but chang'd his mind ;  
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.  
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat ?  
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.  
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk ?  
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.  
But, sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove  
One action, conduct, one heroic love.



'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;  
 A saint in crape is twiee a saint in lawn :  
 A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;  
 A gownman learn'd ; a bishop what you will ;  
 Wise if a minister ; but if a king,  
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every  
 thing.

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,  
 Born where Heavn's influence scarce can penetrate.  
 In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,  
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.  
 Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,  
 Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,  
 We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,  
 And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;  
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.  
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire ;  
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;  
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;  
 Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave.  
 Is he a churchman ?—then he's fond of pow'r :  
 A quaker ?—sly : a presbyterian ?—sour :  
 A smart free thinker ?—all things in an hour.  
 Ask men's opinion : Scotto now shall tell  
 How trade increases, and the world goes well :  
 Strike off his pension by the setting sun,  
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,  
 What turns him now a stupid silent dunce ?  
 Some god or spirit he has lately found,  
 Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature ?—habit can efface,  
 Interest o'ercome, or poliey take place :

By actions?—those uncertainty divides :  
By passions?—these dissimulation hides :  
Opinions?—they still take a wider range :  
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,  
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

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### *PART III.*

SEARCH then the ruling passion : there, alone,  
The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;  
The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;  
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.  
This clue once found unravels all the rest,  
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess'd.  
Wharton ! the scorn and wonder of our days,  
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :  
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,  
Women and fools must like him, or he dies :  
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,  
The club must hail him master of the joke.  
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?  
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too :  
Then turns repentant, and his God adores  
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;  
Enough if all around him but admire,  
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.  
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,  
And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;  
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt ;  
And most contemptible to shun contempt ;  
His passion still to covet general praise ;  
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;

A constant bounty, which no friend has made ;  
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;  
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,  
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd ;  
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;  
A rebel to the very king he loves ;  
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,  
And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great !  
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule ?—  
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain ;  
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet in this search the wisest may mistake,  
If second qualities for first they take.  
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store,  
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore,  
In this the lust, in that the avarice,  
Were means, not ends ; ambition was the vice.  
'That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,  
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.  
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,  
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.  
In vain the' observer eyes the builder's toil,  
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,  
As fits give vigour just when they destroy.  
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,  
Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand.  
Consistent in our follies and our sins,  
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,  
And totter on in business to the last ;  
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out  
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace  
Has made the father of a nameless race,  
Shov'd from the wall, perhaps, or rudely press'd  
By his own son, that passes by unblest'd;  
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,  
And envies every sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;  
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.  
'Mercy!' cries Helluo, 'mercy on my soul!  
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl.'—

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,  
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,  
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires.  
For one puff more, and in that puff expires,

'Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,  
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)  
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face:  
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—  
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.'

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd  
An humble servant to all human-kind, [stir,  
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could  
'If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir?'—

'I give and I devise (old Euclio said,  
And sigh'd) my lands and tenements to Ned.'  
'Your money, sir?'—My money, sir, what all?  
Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.'  
'The manor, sir?'—'The manor! hold,' he cried,  
'Not that—I cannot part with that'—and died.

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath  
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;  
Such in those moments as in all the past,  
'O save my country, Heaven!' shall be your last.

## EPISTLE II.

## TO A LADY.

## OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

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 ARGUMENT.

That the particular characters of women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves.—Instances of contrarieties given, even from such characters as are more strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent : as 1. In the affected.—2. In the soft natured.—3. In the cunning and artful—4.—In the whimsical.—5. In the lewd and vicious.—6. In the witty and refined.—7. In the stupid and simple.—The former part having shown that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform.—This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity.—What are the aims and the fate of this sex :—1. As to power.—2. As to pleasure.—Advice for their true interest.—The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties.

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Nothing so true as what you once let fall,  
 ‘ Most women have no characters at all :’  
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
 And best distinguish’d by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,  
 All how unlike each other, all how true !  
 Areadia’s countess here, in ermin’d pride,  
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side :  
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,  
 And there a naked Leda with a swan.  
 Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,  
 In Magdalen’s loose hair and lifted eye ;

Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,  
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine,  
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,  
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !  
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air ;  
Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it  
Catch ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,  
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,  
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,  
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock,  
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,  
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask :  
So morning insects, that in muck begun,  
Shine, buz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend ;  
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.  
To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice,  
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.  
Sudden she storms ! she raves ! you tip the wink ;  
But spare your censure ; Silia does not drink.  
All eyes may see from what the change arose ;  
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papilia, wedded to her amorous spark,  
Sighs for the shades—' How charming is a park !'  
A park is purchas'd ; but the fair he sees  
All bath'd in tears—' Oh, odious, odious trees !'

Ladies, like variegated tulips show ;  
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe :  
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,  
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.  
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,  
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd ;

Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes ;  
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise :  
Strange graces still, and stranger flights, she had ;  
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ;  
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,  
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,  
To make a wash would hardly stew a child ;  
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,  
And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare ;  
Gave alms at Easter in a christian trim,  
And made a widow happy for a whim.  
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,  
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne ?  
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name ?  
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame :  
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,  
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres :  
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns,  
And atheism and religion take their turns ;  
A very heathen in the carnal part,  
Yet still a sad good christian at the heart.

See sin in state majestically drunk,  
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk ;  
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,  
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.  
What then, let blood and body bear the fault ;  
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought :  
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit  
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.  
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain ?—  
Cæsar and Tallboy, Charles and Charlemagne,  
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,  
The nose of haût-gout, and the tip of taste,



Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,  
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat :  
 So Philomédé, lecturing all mankind  
 On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,  
 The' address, the delicacy—stoops at once,  
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray ;  
 To toast our wants and wishes is her way ;  
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give  
 The mighty blessing ' while we live to live :'  
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul !  
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.  
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind ?  
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.  
 Wise wretch ! with pleasures too refin'd to please ;  
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease ;  
 With too much quickness ever to be taught ;  
 With too much thinking to have common thought ;  
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give,  
 And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate ;  
 No ass so mcek, no ass so obstinate :  
 Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,  
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends :  
 Or her whose life the church and scandal share,  
 For ever in a passion or a pray'r :  
 Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)  
 Cries, ' Ah ! how charming if there's no such place !'  
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears  
 Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears ;  
 The daily anodyne and nightly draught,  
 To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.  
 Woman and fool are too hard things to hit ;  
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind ?  
Searce once herself, by turns all woman-kind !  
Who with herself, or others, from her birth  
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth ;  
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,  
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules :  
No thought advances, but her eddy brain  
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.  
Full sixty years the world has been her trade ;  
The wisest fool much time has ever made :  
From loveless youth to unrespected age,  
No passion gratified except her rage :  
So much the fury still outran the wit,  
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.  
Who breaks with her provokes revenge from hell,  
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.  
Her every turn with violence pursued,  
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude :  
To that each passion turns or soon or late ;  
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate.  
Superiors ?—death ! and equals ?—what a curse !  
But an inferior not dependent ?—worse !  
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;  
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live ;  
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust  
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.  
Last night her lord was all that's good and great ;  
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.  
Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends,  
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,  
By wealth of followers ! without one distress,  
Sick of herself, through very selfishness !  
Atossa, curs'd with every granted pray'r,  
Childless with all her children, wants an heir :

To heirs unknown descends the' unguarded store,  
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.

' Pictures like these, dear Madam ! to design,  
Asks no firm hand and no unerring line ;  
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,  
Some flying stroke, alone can hit 'em right ;  
For how should equal colours do the knack ?  
Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?

' Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.'—  
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.

' With every pleasing, every prudent, part,  
Say, what can Chloe want ?'—She wants a heart.  
She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought,  
But never never reach'd one generous thought.  
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,  
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

So very reasonable, so unmov'd,  
As never yet to love or to be lov'd.

She, while her lover pants upon her breast,  
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest ;  
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,  
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.

Forbid it, Heaven ! a favour or a debt  
She e'er should cancel !—but she may forget.

Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear ;  
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear ;

Of all her dears she never slander'd one,  
But cares not if a thousand are undone.

Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead ?

She bids her footman put it in her head.

Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise ?

Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,  
Which Heaven has varnish'd out and made a queen ;

The same for ever ! and describ'd by all  
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.  
Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will,  
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.  
'Tis well—but, artists ! who can paint or write,  
To draw the naked is your true delight.  
That robe of quality so struts and swells,  
None see what parts of nature it conceals :  
The' exactest traits of body or of mind,  
We owe to models of an humble kind.  
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,  
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.  
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing  
To draw the man who loves his God or king.  
Alas ! I copy (or my draught would fail)  
From honest Mah'met or plain parson Hale.

But grant in public men sometimes are shown ;  
A woman's seen in private life alone :  
Our bolder talents in full light display'd ;  
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.  
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide ;  
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,  
Weakness or delicacy ; all so nice,  
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find ;  
In women two almost divide the kind ;  
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,  
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That nature gives ; and where the lesson taught  
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault ?  
Experience this : by man's oppression curs'd,  
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men some to business, some to pleasure take ;  
But every woman is at heart a rake :

Men some to quiet, some to 'public strife ;  
But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !  
Power all their end, but beauty all the means.  
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,  
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :  
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;  
No thought of peace or happiness at home.  
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,  
As hard a science to the fair as great !  
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,  
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone ;  
Worn out in public, weary every eye,  
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,  
Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;  
Sure if they catch to spoil the toy at most,  
To covet, flying, and regret when lost :  
At last to follies youth could scarce defend,  
It grows their age's prudence to pretend ;  
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,  
Reduc'd to feign it when they give no more,  
As hags hold sabbaths less for joy than spite,  
So these their merry miserable night ;  
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,  
And haunt the places where their honour died.

See how the world its veterans rewards !  
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;  
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,  
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;  
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,  
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot !

Ah, friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;  
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine.

That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring  
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing.

So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,  
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,  
Serene in Virgin modesty she shines,  
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

O! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to morrow cheerful as to-day ;  
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear  
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;  
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;  
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
Yet has her humour most when she obeys ;  
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,  
Disdains all loss of tickets or eddile ;  
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,  
And mistress of herself though china fall.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,  
Woman's at best a contradiction still.  
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can  
Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;  
Picks from each sex to make the favourite bless'd,  
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest ;  
Blends, in exception to all general rules,  
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools ;  
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,  
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;  
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new :  
Shakes all together, and produces—you.

Be this a woman's fame ; with this unblest'd  
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.  
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)  
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;

Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,  
Averted half your parents' simple pray'r.  
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf  
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.  
The generous god, who wit and gold refines,  
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,  
Kept dross for dutchesses, the world shall know it,  
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.



*EPISTLE III.*

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

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**ARGUMENT.**

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion.—The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind.—That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities.—That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose.—Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men.—That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions.—How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable.—How a prodigal does the same.—The due medium and true use of riches.—The Mar of Ross —The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death.—Story of Sir Balaam.

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*P.* Who shall decide when doctors disagree,  
 And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?  
 You hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,  
 That man was made the standing jest of Heav'n;  
 And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,  
 For some to heap and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,  
 (And surely Heaven and I are of a mind)  
 Opine that nature, as in duty bound,  
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:  
 But when by man's audacious labour won  
 Flam'd forth this rival to its sire the sun,  
 Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,  
 To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,  
 We find our tenets just the same at last :  
 Both fairly owning riches, in effect,  
 No grace of Heaven, or token of the' elect ;  
 Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,  
 'To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

*B.* What nature wants, commodious gold bestows ;  
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

*P.* But how unequal it bestows observe ;  
 'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it starve :  
 What nature wants (a phrase I must distrust)  
 Extends to luxury, extends to lust :  
 Useful I grant, it serves what life requires,  
 But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

*B.* Trade it may help, society extend,

*P.* But lures the pirate and corrupts the friend.

*B.* It raises armies in a nation's aid.

*P.* But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.  
 In vain may heroes fight and patriots rave,  
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.  
 Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak  
 From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,  
 And jingling down the back stairs, told the crew,  
 ' Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.'  
 Bless'd paper-credit ! last and best supply !  
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly !  
 Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,  
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings ;  
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,  
 Or ship off senates to some distant shore ;  
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro  
 Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow ;  
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,  
 And, silent, sells a king or buys a queen.

Oh ! that such bulky bribes as all might see  
 Still, as of old, encumber'd villany !  
 Could France or Rome divert our brave designs  
 With all their brandies or with all their wines ?  
 What could they more than knights and 'squires  
     confound,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round ?  
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil !  
 ' Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil !  
 Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door ;  
 A hundred oxen at your levee roar.'

Poor Avarice one torment more would find,  
 Nor could Profusion squander all in kind :  
 Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,  
 And Worldly, crying coals from street to street,  
 Whom, with a whig so wild and mein so maz'd,  
 Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.  
 Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,  
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs ?  
 His grace will game : to White's a bull be led,  
 With spurning heels and with a butting head :  
 To White's be carried, as to ancient games,  
 Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.  
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,  
 Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep ?  
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,  
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine ?  
 Oh, filthy check on all industrious skill,  
 To spoil the nation's last great trade,—quadrille !  
 Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,  
 What say you ? *B.* Say ? Why, take it, gold and all.

*P.* What riches give us let us then inquire :  
 Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more ? *P.* Meat,  
     clothes, and fire.

Is this too little? would you more than live?  
 Alas! 'tis more than 'Turner finds they give.  
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)  
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!  
 What can they give? To dying Hopkins, heirs?  
 To Chartres, vigour? Japhet, nose and ears?  
 Can they in gems bid pallid Hippias glow?  
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?  
 Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,  
 With all the' embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?—  
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)  
 Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;  
 Or find some doctor that would save the life  
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife.  
 But thousands die without or this or that,  
 Die, and endow a college or a cat:  
 To some indeed Heaven grants the happier fate  
 To' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?  
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.  
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule  
 That every man in want is knave or fool.  
 'God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)  
 The wretch he starves'—and piously denies:  
 But the good bishop, with a meeker air,  
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,  
 Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:  
 Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides  
 The slave that digs it and the slave that hides.

*B.* Who suffers thus, mere charity should own,  
 Must act on motives powerful though unknown.

*P.* Some war, some plague or famine, they foresee,  
 Some revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal the cause is found;  
 He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.  
 What made directors cheat in South-sea year?  
 To live on ven'son, when it sold so dear.  
 Ask you why Phrynè the whole auction buys?  
 Phrynè foresees a general excise.  
 Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?—  
 Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,  
 And therefore hopes this nation may be sold.  
 Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,  
 And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,  
 To just three millions stinted modest Gage.  
 But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,  
 Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.  
 Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,  
 And one fate buries in the' Asturian mines.

Much-injured Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?  
 A wizard told him in these words our fate:—  
 'At length corruption, like a general flood,  
 (So long by watchful ministers withstood)  
 Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,  
 Spread like a low-born mist and blot the sun;  
 Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,  
 Peeress and butler share alike the box,  
 And judges job, and bishops bite the town,  
 And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown:  
 See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,  
 And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms!  
 'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener! fir'd thy  
 Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain: [brain,  
 No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see  
 Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,

And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,  
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

‘All this is madness,’ cries a sober sage :—  
‘But who, my friend, has reason in his rage !  
The ruling passion, be it what it will,  
The ruling passion, conquers reason still.’  
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame  
Than ev’n that passion if it has no aim ;  
For though such motives folly you may call,  
The folly’s greater to have none at all. [sends,

Hear then the truth :—‘ ’Tis Heav’n each passion  
And different men directs to different ends.  
Extremes in nature equal good produce ;  
Extremes in man concur to general use.’  
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ?—  
That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow ;  
Bids scedtime, harvest, equal course maintain,  
Through reconcil’d extremes of drought and rain ;  
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,  
And gives the’ eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal’d they lie,  
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.  
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,  
Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;  
This year a reservoir to keep and spare,  
The next a fountain spouting through his heir,  
In lavish streams to quench a country’s thirst,  
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham’d his fortune and his birth,  
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :  
What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)  
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot ?  
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor’d,  
With soups unbought, and salads, bless’d his board ?

If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more  
Than Bramins, saints, and sages, did before :  
To cram the rich was prodigal expense ;  
And who would take the poor from Providence ?  
Like some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,  
Silence without, and fasts within the wall ;  
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,  
No noontide bell invites the country round ;  
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,  
And turn the' unwilling steeds another way ;  
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,  
Curse the sav'd candle and unopening door ;  
While the 'gaunt mastiff', growling at the gate,  
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son ; he mark'd this oversight,  
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right :  
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,  
But what to follow is a task indeed !)  
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,  
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.  
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,  
Fill the capacious 'squire and deep divine !  
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws ;  
His oxen perish in his country's cause ;  
'Tis George and liberty that crown the cup,  
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.  
The woods recede around the naked seat,  
The silvans groan—no matter—for the fleet :  
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands ;  
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.  
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,  
And heads the bold trainbands, and burns a pope.  
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,  
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils !



In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause ;  
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art  
To' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,  
Not meanly nor ambitiously pursued,  
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude ;  
To balance fortune by a just expense,  
Join with economy magnificence ;  
With splendor eharity, with plenty health,  
O teach us, Bathurst ! yet unspoil'd by wealth !  
That seeret rare, between the' extremes to move  
Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.

*B.* To worth or want well-weigh'd be bounty giv'n,  
And ease or emulate the care of Heav'n :  
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)  
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her graee.  
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,  
As poison heals in just proportion us'd :  
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,  
But, well dispers'd, is ineense to the skies.

*P.* Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats ?  
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that  
Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon [cheats.  
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon ?  
Whose table wit or modest merit share,  
Un-elbow' by a gamester, pimp, or play'r ?  
Who eopies your's or Oxford's better part,  
To ease the' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart ?  
Where'er he shines, O Fortune ! gild the scene,  
And angels guard him in the golden mein !  
There English bounty yet awlile may stand,  
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross ?  
Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the Man of Ross ;

Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,  
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.  
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?  
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?  
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain  
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.  
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?  
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?  
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?  
 'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.  
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!  
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:  
 He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,  
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:  
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bless'd,  
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.  
 Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,  
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.  
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,  
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more:  
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,  
 And vile attornies, now a useless race.

*B.* Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue  
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!  
 O say, what sums that generous hand supply?  
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

*P.* Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,  
 This man possess'd five hundred pounds a year.  
 Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw  
     your blaze;  
 Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

*B.* And what? no monument, inscription, stone,  
His race, his form, his name, almost unknown?

*P.* Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name :  
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,  
Of rich and poor makes all the history ;  
Enough that virtue fill'd the space between,  
Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.  
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend  
The wretch who living sav'd a candle's end :  
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,  
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands ;  
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,  
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.  
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend !  
And see what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,  
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,  
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,  
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,  
The George and Garter dangling from that bed  
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
Great Villiers lies—alas ! how chang'd from him,  
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim ?  
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,  
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;  
Or just as gay at council, in a ring  
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.  
No wit to flatter, left of all his store !  
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.  
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,  
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends !

His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,  
And well (he thought) advis'd him, 'Live like me.'

As well his grace replied, ' Like you, Sir John ?  
That I can do when all I have is gone !'

Resolve me, reason, which of these is worse,  
Want with a full or with an empty purse ?

Thy life more wretched, Cutler ! was confess'd ?

Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd ?

Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall ;

For very want he could not build a wall.

His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r ;

For very want he could not pay a dow'r.

A few gray hairs his reverend temples crown'd ;

'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.

What ! ev'n denied a cordial at his end,

Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend ?

What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,

Yet numbers feel,—the want of what he had !

Cutler and Brutus dying both exclaim,

' Virtue ! and wealth ! what are ye but a name !'

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd ?

Or are they both in this their own reward ?

A knotty point ! to which we now proceed.

But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—*B.* Agreed.

*P.* Where London's column, pointing at the skies

Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,

There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,

A plain good man, and Balaam was his name ;

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;

His word would pass for more than he was worth.

One solid dish his week-day meal affords,

And added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's :

Constant at church and 'Change; his gains were sure;

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,

And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old ;

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,  
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep  
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;  
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,  
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,  
He takes his chirping pint and cracks his jokes.  
'Live like yourself,' was soon my lady's word;  
And, lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,  
An honest factor stole a gem away:  
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,  
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.  
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought;  
'I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;  
Where once I went to church I'll now go twice—  
And am so clear too of all other vice.'

The tempter saw his time; the work he plied;  
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,  
Till all the demon makes his full descent  
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,  
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,  
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,  
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;  
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,  
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.  
Things change their titles as our manners turn:  
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:  
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)  
But duly sent his family and wife.  
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide  
My good old lady catch'd a cold and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight ;  
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite ;  
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)  
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air :  
First for his son a gay commission buys,  
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies :  
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife ;  
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.  
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,  
And onc more pensioner St. Stephen gains.  
My lady falls to play ; so bad her chance,  
He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France :  
The house impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;  
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.  
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,  
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown :  
The devil and the king divide the prize,  
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

*EPISTLE IV.*

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

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**ARGUMENT.**

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste.—That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense.—The chief proof of it is to follow nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it.—How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will but be perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous.—A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony, of the whole.—And the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently.—A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments.—Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind.—[Recurring to what is laid down in the first book, ep. ii. and in the epistle preceding this.]—What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men.—And, finally, the great and public works which become a prince.

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'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ  
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:  
 Is it less strange the prodigal should waste  
 His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?



Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;  
 Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats :  
 He buys for Topham drawings and designs ;  
 For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins ;  
 Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,  
 And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.  
 Think we all these are for himself? no more  
 Than his fine wife, alas ! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted ?  
 Only to show how many tastes he wanted.  
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ?  
 Some demon whisper'd, ' Visto ! have a taste.'  
 Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,  
 And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.  
 See ! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,  
 Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide :  
 A standing sermon at each year's expense,  
 That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence !

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,  
 And pompous buildings once were things of use ;  
 Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules  
 Fill half the land with imitating fools ;  
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take ;  
 And of one beauty many blunders make ;  
 Load some vain church with old theatric state ;  
 Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate ;  
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all  
 On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,  
 Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,  
 That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front ;  
 Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar.  
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door :  
 Conscious they act a true Palladian part,  
 And if they starve, they starve by rules of art

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer  
A certain truth, which many buy too dear ;  
Something there is more needful than cxpense,  
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense ;  
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,  
And though no science, fairly worth the seven ;  
A light which in yourself you must perceive ;  
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,  
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,  
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,  
In all, let Nature never be forgot ;  
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,  
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare ;  
Let not each beauty every where be spied,  
Where half the skill is decently to hide.  
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,  
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all ;  
That tells the waters or to rise or fall ;  
Or helps the' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,  
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale ;  
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,  
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades ;  
Now breaks, or now directs, the' intending lines ;  
Paints as you plant, and as your work designs.

Still follow sense, of every art the soul ;  
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole.  
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,  
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance ;  
Nature shall join you : time shall make it grow  
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,  
And Nero's terraces desert their walls :

The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,  
 Lo ! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake :  
 Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,  
 You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.  
 Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,  
 Nor in an hermitage set Doctor Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,  
 His quineunx darkens, his espaliers meet,  
 The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,  
 And strength of shade contends with strength of  
 A waving glow the bloomy beds display, [light :  
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,  
 With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—  
 Enjoy them you ! Villario can no more :  
 Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,  
 He finds, at last, he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus  
 Or sat delighted in the thickening shade, [stray'd,  
 With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,  
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet !  
 His son's fine taste an opener visto loves,  
 Foe to the dryads of his father's groves ;  
 One boundless green or flourish'd carpet views,  
 With all the mournful family of yews :  
 The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,  
 Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day ;  
 Where all cry out, ' What sums are thrown away !'  
 So proud, so grand ; of that stupendous air,  
 Soft and agreeable come never there.  
 Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught,  
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.  
 To compass this, his building is a town,  
 His pond an ocean, his parterre a down :

Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,  
 A puny insect shivering at a breeze !  
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !  
 The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.  
 Two cupids squirt before : a lake behind  
 Improves the keenness of the northern wind.  
 His gardens next your admiration call ;  
 On every side you look, behold the wall !  
 No pleasing intricacies intervene,  
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;  
 Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,  
 And half the platform just reflects the other.  
 The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,  
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ;  
 With here a fountain never to be play'd,  
 And there a summer-house that knows no shade ;  
 Here Amphitritè sails through myrtle bowers,  
 There gladiators fight, or die in flowers,  
 Unwater'd see the drooping seahorse mourn,  
 And swallows roots in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,  
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen :  
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—  
 First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat ;  
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your  
 Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes. [thighs,

His study ! with what authors is it stor'd ?  
 In books, not authors, curious is my lord ;  
 To all their dated backs he turns you round ;  
 These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound ;  
 Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,  
 For all his lordship knows,—but they are wood !  
 For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look ;  
 These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,  
 That summons you to all the pride of pray'r :  
 Light quirks of music, broken and unev'n,  
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n.  
 On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
 Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,  
 Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,  
 And bring all paradise before your eye.  
 To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,  
 Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But, hark ! the chiming clocks to dinner call ;  
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall :  
 The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,  
 And gaping Tritons spew, to wash your face.  
 Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ?  
 No, 'tis a temple and a hecatomb,  
 A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,  
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.  
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear  
 Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.  
 Between each act the trembling salvers ring,  
 From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the King.  
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,  
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,  
 Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,  
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve ;  
 I curse such lavish cost and little skill,  
 And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed ;  
 Health to himself, and to his infants bread  
 The labourer bears : what his hard heart denies,  
 His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear  
 Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,

Deep harvests bury all his pride has plan'd,  
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?—  
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?  
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,  
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,  
Or makes his neighbours glad if he increase;  
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,  
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;  
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed  
The milky heifer and deserving steed;  
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,  
But future buildings, future navies, grow:  
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,  
First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You, too, proceed! make falling arts your care,  
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;  
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,  
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:  
Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,  
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)  
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,  
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend,  
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,  
The mole projected break the roaring main,  
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,  
And roll obedient rivers through the land:  
These honours peace to happy Britain brings;  
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

*EPISTLE V.*

TO MR. ADDISON.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all devouring years !  
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears !  
With nodding arches, broken temples spread !  
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead !  
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,  
Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr toil'd:  
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,  
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:  
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,  
Statutes of men, scarce less alive than they !  
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,  
Some hostile fury, some religious rage :  
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,  
And papal piety, and gothic fire.  
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,  
Some buried marble half preserves a name :  
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,  
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd : she found it vain to trust  
The faithless column and the crumbling bust ;  
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to  
shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more !  
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,  
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.

A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,  
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.  
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,  
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ;



A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,  
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,  
Through elimes and ages bears each form and name :  
In one short view subjected to our eye,  
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.  
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,  
The' inscription value, but the rust adore.  
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,  
The saered rust of twice ten hundred years !  
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,  
One grasps a Cecrops in eestatie dreams.  
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,  
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd ;  
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,  
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine :  
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine ;  
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,  
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.  
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage ;  
These pleas'd the fathers of poetie rage ;  
The verse and seulpture bore an equal part,  
And art reflected images to art.

Oh, when shall Britain, conseious of her elaim,  
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame ?  
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,  
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold ?  
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face ;  
There, warriors frowning in historic brass :  
Then future ages with delight shall see  
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree ;  
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,  
A Virgil there, and here an Addison :

Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)  
On the cast ore another Pollio shine ;  
With aspect open shall erect his head,  
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,—  
'Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honour clear ;  
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;  
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,  
And prais'd, unenvied, by the Muse he lov'd.'



*ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.*

1703.

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing ;  
The breathing instruments inspire,  
Wake into voice each silent string,  
And sweep the sounding lyre !  
In a sadly-pleasing strain  
Let the warbling lute complain ;  
Let the loud trumpet sound,  
Till the roofs all around  
The shrill echoes rebound ;  
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow  
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.  
Hark ! the numbers soft and clear  
Gently steal upon the ear ;  
Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
And fill with spreading sounds the skies :  
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,  
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;

Till by degrees, remote and small,  
The strains decay,  
And melt away  
In a dying, dying fall.

By music minds an equal temper know,  
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.  
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,  
Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;  
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,  
Exalts her in enlivening airs.  
Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;  
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :  
Melancholy lifts her head,  
Morpheus rouses from his bed,  
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
Listening Envy drops her snakes ;  
Intestine war no more our passions wage,  
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,  
How martial music every bosom warms !  
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,  
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,  
While Argo saw her kindred trees  
Descend from Pelion to the main :  
Transported demi-gods stood round,  
And men grew heroes at the sound,  
Inflam'd with glory's charms :  
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,  
And half unsheath'd the shining blade ;  
And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound  
To arms, to arms, to arms ;

But when through all the' infernal bounds,  
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,  
Love, strong as death, the poet led  
To the pale nations of the dead,  
What sounds were heard,  
What scenes appear'd,  
O'er all the dreary coasts !  
Dreadful gleams,  
Dismal screams,  
Fires that glow,  
Shrieks of wóc,  
Sullen moans,  
Hollow groans,  
And cries of tortur'd ghosts !  
But, hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;  
And, see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire ;  
See, shady forms advancè !  
Thy stone, O Sisyphus ! stands still,  
Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
And the pale spectres dance ;  
The furies sink upon their iron beds, [heads.  
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their

By the streams that ever flow,  
By the fragrant winds that blow  
O'er the' Elysian flowers ;  
By those happy souls who dwell  
In yellow meads of asphodel,  
Or amaranthine bowers ;  
By the heroes' armed shades,  
Glittering through the gloomy glades ;  
By the youths that died for love,  
Wandering in the myrtle grove,

Restore, restore Eurydice to life ;  
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife !—  
He sung, and hell consented  
To hear the poet's pray'r :  
Stern Proserpine relented,  
And gave him back the fair.  
Thus song could prevail  
O'er death and o'er hell,  
A conquest how hard and how glorious !  
Though fate had fast bound her,  
With Styx nine times round her,  
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes ;  
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !  
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?  
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.  
Now under hanging mountains,  
Beside the falls of fountains,  
Or where Hebrus wanders,  
Rolling in meanders,  
All alone,  
Unheard, unknown,  
He makes his moan ;  
And calls her ghost,  
For ever, ever, ever lost !  
Now with furies surrounded,  
Despairing, confounded,  
He trembles, he glows,  
Amidst Rhodope's snows :  
See, wild as the winds o'er the desert he flies ;  
Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries—  
Ah see, he dies !

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,  
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue ;  
Eurydice the woods,  
Eurydice the floods,  
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
And fate's severest rage disarm :  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please :  
Our joys below it can improve,  
And antedate the bliss above.  
This the divine Cecilia found,  
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.  
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,  
The' immortal powers incline their ear ;  
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,  
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,  
And angels lean from Heaven to hear.  
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell ;  
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is given :  
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,  
Her's lift the soul to Heav'n.

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*ODE ON SOLITUDE,*

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS ABOUT TWELVE  
YEARS OLD.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
Whose flocks supply him with attire,  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find  
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day:

Sound sleep by night; study and ease  
Together mix'd; sweet recreation;  
And innocence, which most does please,  
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,  
Thus unlamented let me die:  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

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*ODE.*

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
Sister spirit come away.



What is this absorbs me quite,  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!  
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring:  
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
 O grave! where is thy victory?  
 O death! where is thy sting?

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## *TWO CHORUSES*

TO THE

### THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE 1.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;  
 Groves where immortal sages taught:  
 Where heavenly visions Plato fir'd,  
 And Epicurus lay inspir'd;  
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood  
 Unspotted long with human blood.  
 War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,  
 And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE 1.

O heaven-born sisters! source of art!  
 Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;

Who lead fair virtue's train along,  
 Moral truth and mystic song!  
 To what new clime, what distant sky,  
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?  
 Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?  
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

## STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,  
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;  
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore  
 Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore:  
 See arts her savage sons control,  
 And Athens rising near the pole!  
 Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,  
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods! what justice rules the ball?  
 Freedom and arts together fall;  
 Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,  
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.  
 Oh, curs'd effects of civil hate,  
 In every age, in every state!  
 Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,  
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

*CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.*

## SEMICHORUS.

O tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd  
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?  
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,  
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.

Love, soft intruder, enters here,  
 But, entering, learns to be sincere.  
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,  
 And Brutus tenderly reproveth.

Why, virtue, dost thou blame desire  
 Which nature hath impress'd?

Why, nature, dost thou soonest fire  
 The mild and generous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;  
 The gods and Brutus bend to love:  
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,  
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.

What is loose love? a transient gust,  
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,  
 A vapour fed from wild desire,  
 A wandering, self-consuming fire.

But Hymen's kinder flames unite,  
 And burn for ever one;  
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,  
 Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of every social tie,  
 United wish, and mutual joy!  
 What various joys on one attend,  
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!  
 Whether his hoary sire he spies,  
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise;  
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,  
 Or views his smiling progeny;

What tender passions take their turns,  
What home-felt raptures move !  
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,  
With reverence, hope, and love.

## CHORUS.

Hence, guilty joys, distastes, surmises,  
Hence, false tears, deceits, disguises,  
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,  
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine.  
Purest love's unwasting treasure,  
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,  
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure ;  
Sacred Hymen ! these are thine.

THE  
TEMPLE OF FAME.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1711.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answer to their title.

---

IN that soft season, when descending showers  
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;  
When opening buds salute the welcome day,  
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;  
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,  
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,  
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,  
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)  
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,  
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;  
The whole creation open to my eyes:  
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,  
Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;

Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,  
There towery cities, and the forests green ;  
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes ;  
There trees and intermingled temples rise :  
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,  
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,  
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,  
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,  
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore :  
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,  
Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.  
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,  
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way :  
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,  
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.  
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,  
The greater part by hostile time subdued ;  
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,  
And poets once had promis'd they should last.  
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd :  
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.  
Critics I saw, that other names deface,  
And fix their own, with labour, in their place :  
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,  
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.  
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,  
But felt the' approaches of too warm a sun ;  
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays  
Not more by envy than excess of praise.  
Yet part no injuries of Heaven could feel,  
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :  
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,  
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.

Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past  
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ;  
These ever new, nor subject to decays,  
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)  
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;  
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,  
And on the' impassive ice the lightnings play ;  
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,  
Till the bright mountains prop the' incumbent sky!  
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,  
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.  
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;  
Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.  
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,  
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.  
Four faces had the dome, and every face  
Of various structure, but of equal grace :  
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,  
Salute the different quarters of the sky.  
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,  
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,  
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,  
The walls in venerable order grace :  
Heroes in animated marble frown,  
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,  
On doric pillars of white marble rear'd,  
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,  
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.  
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,  
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield :  
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,  
Rests on his club, and holds the' Hesperian spoil.



Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound  
Start from their roots, and form a shade around :  
Amphion there the loud creating lyre  
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire !  
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,  
And half the mountain rolls into a wall :  
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,  
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,  
The growing towers, like exhalations, rise,  
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,  
With diamond flaming, and barbaric gold.  
There Ninus shone, who spread the' Assyrian fame,  
And the great founder of the Persian name :  
There in long robes the royal magi stand,  
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand ;  
The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,  
And brahmans, deep in desert woods rever'd,  
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd the' unbodied  
shades

To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades ;  
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,  
And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;  
Of talismans and sigils knew the pow'r,  
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.  
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,  
Who taught that useful science,—to be good.  
But on the south, a long majestic race  
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,  
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,  
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.  
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,  
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :  
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold ;  
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.

Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,  
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of gothic structure was the northern side,  
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.  
There huge colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,  
And runic characters were grav'd around :  
There sat Xamolxis with erected eyes,  
And Odin here in mimic trances dies,  
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,  
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,  
Druids and bards, (their once loud harps unstrung)  
And youths that died to be by poets sung.  
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,  
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,  
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face :  
The walls in lustre and effect like glass,  
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,  
Enlarges some, and others multiplies :  
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,  
For thus romantic fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,  
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,  
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around  
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd :  
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,  
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals :  
As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,  
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.  
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,  
The sage historians in white garments wait ;  
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,  
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.  
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms  
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.

High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd  
 The youth that all things but himself subdued;  
 His feet on seepthes and tiaras trod,  
 And his horn'd head belied the Lybian god.  
 There Cæsar, grae'd with both Minervas, shone;  
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;  
 Unmov'd, superior still in every state.  
 And searee detested in his country's fate.  
 But chief were those who not for empire fought,  
 But with their toils their people's safety bought:  
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;  
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;  
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,  
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;  
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind  
 With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd  
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind. }

Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,  
 Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,  
 Fair virtue's silent train: supreme, of these  
 Here ever shines the godlike Soerates:  
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,  
 At all times just but when he sign'd the shell:  
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phoeion claims,  
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:  
 Uneconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,  
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir  
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;  
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,  
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.  
 High on the first the mighty Homer shone;  
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;  
 Father of verse! in holy fillets dress'd,  
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;

Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;  
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.  
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :  
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;  
Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall ;  
Here, drag'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.  
Motion and life did every part inspire,  
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;  
A strong expression most he seem'd to affect,  
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,  
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;  
Finish'd the whole and labour'd every part,  
With patient touches of unwearied art.  
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,  
Compos'd his posture, and his looks sedate ;  
On Homer still he fix'd a reverend eye,  
Great without pride, in modest majesty.  
In living sculpture on the sides were spread  
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnas dead :  
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre ;  
Æneas bending with his aged sire :  
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne  
'Arms and the man' in golden ciphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,  
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight :  
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,  
And seem'd to labour with the' inspiring god.  
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,  
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.  
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace ;  
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race :  
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;  
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;

The champions in distorted postures threat :  
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd the' Ausonian lyre  
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire ;  
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage to' infuse  
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.  
The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace,  
A work outlasting monumental brass.  
Here smiling loves and bacchanals appear,  
The Julian star, and great Augustus here :  
The doves, that round the infant poet spread  
Myrtles and bays, hang hovering o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,  
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite ;  
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,  
And various animals his sides surround ;  
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view  
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone ;  
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne :  
Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand  
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.  
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,  
And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,  
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies :  
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,  
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.  
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial scat  
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great :  
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,  
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,  
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,  
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.

With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,  
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne :  
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,  
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.—  
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,  
Searee seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;  
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,  
Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.  
With her, the temple every moment grew,  
And ampler vistas open'd to my view :  
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,  
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.  
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told ;  
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;  
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,  
A thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.  
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine  
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine ;  
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;  
For fame they raise the voice, and tune the string ;  
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,  
And last, eternal through the length of days.  
Around these wonders as I cast a look,  
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,  
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,  
From different quarters fill the crowded hall,  
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard,  
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd :  
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew  
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew.  
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,  
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,  
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,  
And a low murmur runs along the field.

Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,  
And all degrees before the goddess bend :  
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,  
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.  
Their pleas were different, their request the same;  
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.  
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;  
Unlike successes equal merits found.  
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,  
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,  
And to the goddess thus prefer their pray'r :—  
'Long have we sought to' instruct and please man—  
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ; [kind,  
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,  
We here appeal to thy superior throne :  
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,  
For fame is all we must expect below.'

The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise  
The golden trumpet of eternal praise :—  
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,  
That fills the circuit of the world around ;  
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud,  
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud ;  
By just degrees they every moment rise,  
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.  
At every breath were balmy odours shed,  
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread ;  
Less fragrant scents the' unfolding rose exhales,  
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,  
Thus on their knees address'd the sacred fane :  
'Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,  
And the best men are treated like the worst,



Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,  
And give each deed the' exact intrinsic worth.'  
'Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,  
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd :  
Let fuller notes the' applauding world amaze,  
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.'

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd  
Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;  
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days  
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.  
But straight the direful trump of Slander sounds ;  
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;  
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,  
The dire report through every region flies,  
In every ear incessant rumours rung,  
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.  
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke  
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :  
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,  
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,  
And proud defiance in their looks they bore :  
'For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife,  
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;  
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,  
And swam to empire through the purple flood :  
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own ;  
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.'  
'Ambitious fools ! (the queen replied, and frown'd)  
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;  
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,  
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !'  
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my  
And each majestic phantom sunk in night. [sight,

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;  
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien :  
' Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim  
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !  
But safe in deserts from the' applause of men,  
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen !  
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight  
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.  
O let us still the secret joy partake,  
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.'

' And live there men who slight immortal fame ?  
Who then with incense shall adore our name ?  
But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride,  
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.  
Rise ! Muses, rise ! add all your tuneful breath,  
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.'  
She said : in air the trembling music floats,  
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;  
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,  
Ev'n listening angels lean'd from Heaven to hear :  
To furthest shores the' ambrosial spirit flies,  
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,  
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd :  
' Hither (they cried) direct your eyes, and see  
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry ;  
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,  
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days ;  
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care  
To pay due visits and address the fair ;  
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,  
But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid ;  
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,  
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well ;

The joy let others have, and we the name,  
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.'

The queen assents: the trumpet rends the skies,  
And at each blast a lady's honour dies. [press'd

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers  
Around the shrine, and made the same request:

'What, you, (she cried) unlearn'd in arts to please,  
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigued with ease,  
Who lose a length of undeserving days,

Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?  
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders! fall,

The people's fable, and the scorn of all.'

Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,  
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,  
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,  
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,  
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;

Or who their glory's dire foundation laid  
On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;  
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,  
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;

Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,  
And beg to make the' immortal treasons known.

The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,  
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.

At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,  
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some power unknown  
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the  
Before my view appear'd a structure fair, [throne.  
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;

With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;  
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound:

Not less in number were the spaeious doors  
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shóres ;  
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,  
Pervious to winds, and open every way.  
As flames by nature to the skies aseend,  
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,  
As to the sea returning rivers roll,  
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;  
Hither, as to their proper place, arise  
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,  
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;  
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.  
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes  
The sinking stone at first a circle makes,  
The trembling surface, by the motion stir'd,  
Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;  
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,  
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance :  
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,  
On neighbouring air a soft impression make ;  
Another ambient circle then they move ;  
That, in its turn, impels the next above ;  
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,  
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,  
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,  
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,  
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,  
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,  
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,  
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,  
The falls of favourites, projects of the great,  
Of old mismanagements, taxations new,  
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,  
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,  
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away,  
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:  
 Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,  
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;  
 And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,  
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;  
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,  
 And wild impatience star'd in every face.  
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,  
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;  
 And all who told it added something new,  
 And all who heard it made enlargements too;  
 In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew. }  
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,  
 News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.  
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,  
 With gathering force the quickening flames advance;  
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,  
 And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,  
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,  
 Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,  
 And rush in millions on the world below:  
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,  
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force;  
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon,  
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.  
 Around a thousand winged wonders fly,  
 Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through  
 the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey  
 A lie and truth contending for the way;

And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,  
Which first should issue through the narrow vent ;  
At last agreed, together out they fly,  
Inseparable now the truth and lie :  
The strict companions are for ever join'd,  
And this or that, unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,  
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :  
' What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?  
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ?

' 'Tis true, (said I) not void of hopes I came,  
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame ?  
But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,  
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.  
How vain that second life in others' breath,  
The' estate which wits inherit after death !  
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,  
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)  
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,  
Be envied, wretched ; and be flatter'd, poor ;  
All luckless wits their enemies profess'd,  
And all successful, jealous friends at best.  
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;  
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.  
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,  
As soothing folly, or exalting vice ;  
Oh ! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,  
And follow still where fortune leads the way ;  
Or if no basis bear my rising name,  
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame ;  
Then teach me, Heav'n ! to scorn the guilty bays,  
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;  
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown :  
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

## EPISTLES.

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TO

*ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND MOR  
TIMER.\**

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,  
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.  
Oh, just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!  
With softest manners; gentlest arts, adorn'd!  
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in every strain!  
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!

For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;  
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great;  
Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd, to quit,  
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
(A sigh the absent elaims, the dead a tear)  
Recal those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,  
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays;  
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,  
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;  
Or deeming meanest what we grèatest call,  
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

\* Sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems, published by our author after the Earl's imprisonment in the Tower and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.



And sure if aught below the seats divine  
 Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine ;  
 A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,  
 Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,  
 The rage of power, the blast of public breath,  
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,  
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade :  
 'Tis her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.  
 When interest calls off all her sneaking train,  
 And all the' oblig'd desert, and all the vain,  
 She waits, or to the scaffold or the cell,  
 When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.  
 Ev'n now she shades thy evening walk with bays :  
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)  
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,  
 Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,  
 Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see.  
 Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

---

TO

*JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.*

SECRETARY OF STATE. 1720.

A SOUL, as full of worth as void of pride,  
 Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide,  
 Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,  
 And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.  
 A face untaught to feign ; a judging eye,  
 That darts severe upon a rising lie,  
 And strikes a blush through frontless flattery. }

All this thou wert ; and being this before,  
 Know kings and fortune cannot make thee more.  
 Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,  
 Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise ;  
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,  
 Proceed—a minister, but still a man.  
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)  
 Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me :  
 The patriot's plain but untrod path pursue ;  
 If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.

---

TO

*MR. JERVAS,*

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S  
ART OF PAINTING.\*

THIS verse be thine, my friend ! nor thou refuse  
 This from no venal or ungrateful Muse.  
 Whether thy hand strike out some free design,  
 Where life awakes, and dawns at every line,  
 Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,  
 And from the canvass call the mimic face ;  
 Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire  
 Fresnoy's close art and Dryden's native fire ;  
 And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,  
 So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name ;  
 Like them to shine through long succeeding age,  
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.  
 Smit with the love of sister arts we came,  
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame ;

\* This epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

Like friendly colours found them both unite,  
 And each from each contract new strength and light.  
 How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,  
 While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away !  
 How oft our slowly-growing works impart,  
 While images reflect from art to art !  
 How oft review ; each finding, like a friend,  
 Something to blame, and something to commend !

What flattering scenes our wandering fancy  
 wrought,

Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought !  
 Together o'er the Alps, methinks we fly,  
 Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,  
 Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn :  
 With thee repose where Tully once was laid,  
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade.  
 While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,  
 And builds imaginary Rome anew,  
 Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye ;  
 A fading fresco here demands a sigh :  
 Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,  
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,  
 Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,  
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears  
 This small well-polish'd gem, the work of \* years !  
 Yet still how faint by precept is express'd  
 The living image in the painter's breast !  
 Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,  
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow ;  
 Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies  
 An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

\* Fresnoy employed above 20 years in finishing his poem.

Muse ! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed  
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead ;  
Call round her tomb each object of desire,  
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire ;  
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,  
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife ;  
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,  
Then view this marble, and be vain no more !

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage,  
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.  
Beauty, frail flow'r, that every season fears,  
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.  
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,  
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes ;  
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,  
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

O ! lasting as those colours may they shine !  
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line :  
New graces yearly like thy works display,  
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay :  
Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains,  
And finish'd more through happiness than pains.  
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,  
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.  
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,  
And breathe an air divine on every face ;  
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll  
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul ;  
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,  
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die :  
Alas ! how little from the grave we claim !  
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

*TO MISS BLOUNT.*

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE. 1717.

IN these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,  
And all the writer lives in every line ;  
His easy art may happy nature seem ;  
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.  
Sure to charm all was his pcculiar fate,  
Who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great ;  
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read ;  
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred :  
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share,  
His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair.  
Thus-wisely careless, innocently gay,  
Cheerful he play'd the trifle life away ;  
Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress'd,  
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.  
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,  
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before ;  
The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs ;  
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes :  
The smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,  
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be  
A long, exact, and serious comedy ;  
In every scene some moral let it teach,  
And, if it can, at once both please and preach :  
Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,  
And more diverting still than regular ;  
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,  
Though not too strictly bound to time and place.  
Critics in wit or life are hard to please ;  
Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,  
Severe to all, but most to womankind;  
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;  
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;  
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame,  
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.  
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,  
But sets up one, a greater, in their place:  
Well might you wish for change by those accurs'd;  
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.  
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,  
Or bound in formal or in real chains:  
Whole years neglected for some months ador'd,  
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.  
Ah! quit not the free innocence of life  
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;  
Nor let false shows nor empty titles please:  
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,  
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,  
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,  
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.  
She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,  
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!  
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;  
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you  
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too,  
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,  
Those age or sickness, soon or late, disarms;  
Good-humour only teaches charms to last,  
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.  
Love rais'd on beauty will like that decay,  
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day,

As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,  
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn ;  
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,  
'The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early eare\* still shone the same,  
And Monthausier was only ehang'd in name :  
By this ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,  
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle on the' Elysian coast,  
Amid those lovers joys his gentle ghost ;  
Pleas'd while with smiles his happy lines you view,  
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.  
The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse ;  
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse ;  
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride,  
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

---

*TO THE SAME,*

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION.  
1715.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's eare  
Drags from the town to wholesome country air,  
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,  
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh ;  
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,  
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever :  
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,  
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;  
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent ;  
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

\* Mademoiselle Paulet.



She went to plain work, and to purling brooks,  
Old fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks :  
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,  
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day ;  
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,  
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,  
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;  
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'squire ;  
Up to her godly garret after seven,  
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heaven.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,  
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack ;  
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,  
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—no words !  
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the stable ;  
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table ;  
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,  
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair evening on your elbow laid,  
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade ;  
In pensive thought recast the fancied scene,  
See coronations rise on every green :  
Before you pass the' imaginary sights  
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,  
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes ;  
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.  
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,  
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls !

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,  
(Not plagued with headaches or the want of rhyme)  
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,  
And while he seems to study, thinks of you :

Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,  
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,  
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,  
Streets, chairs, and coxeombs, rush upon my sight ;  
Vex'd to be still in town I knit my brow,  
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

---

*TO MR. JOHN MOORE,*

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious Moore ! are we  
Deceiv'd by shows and forms !  
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,  
All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,  
Vile reptile, weak, and vain !  
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,  
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,  
E'er since our grandam's evil ;  
She first convers'd with her own kind,  
That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,  
The blockhead is a slow-worm ;  
The nymph whose tail is all on flame,  
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies  
That flutter for a day ;  
First from a worm they take their rise,  
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows ;  
Thus worms suit all conditions ;  
Misers are muck-worms ; silk-worms, beaux ;  
And death-watches, physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen  
By all their winding play ;  
Their conscience is a worm within  
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore ! thy skill were well employ'd,  
And greater gain would rise,  
If thou couldst make the courtier void  
The worm that never dies !

O learned friend of Abchurch Lane,  
Who sett'st our entrails free ;  
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,  
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn  
Some few short years, no more !  
Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,  
Who maggots were before.

*TO MRS. M. B.*

## ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Oh, be thou bless'd with all that Heaven can send,  
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, a <sup>new</sup> friend:  
 Not with those toys the female world admire,  
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.  
 With added years, if life bring nothing new,  
 But like a sieve let every blessing through,  
 Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,  
 And all we gain, some sad reflection more:  
 Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,  
 'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,  
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,  
 Calm every thought, inspire every grace,  
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.  
 Let day improve on day, and year on year,  
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;  
 Till death, unfelt, that tender frame destroy,  
 In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,  
 Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,  
 And wake to raptures in a life to come.

*TO MR. T. SOUTHERN,*

## ON HIS BIRTH-DAY. 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,  
 With not one sin but poetry,  
 This day Tom's fair account has run  
 (Without a blot) to eighty-one.

Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays  
 A table with a cloth of bays;  
 And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,  
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.  
 The feast, his towering genius marks  
 In yonder wild-geese and the larks!  
 The mushrooms show his wit was sudden!  
 And for his judgment, lo, a pudden!  
 Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,  
 And grace, although a bard, devout.  
 May Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to raise  
 The price of prologues and of plays,  
 Be every birth-day more a winner,  
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;  
 Walk to his grave without reproach,  
 And scorn a rascal and a coach.

# JANUARY AND MAY.

*FROM CHAUCER.*

---

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,  
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;  
Of gentle manners, as of gencrous race, [grace :  
Bless'd with much sense, more riches, and some  
Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights,  
He scarce could rule some idle appetites;  
For long ago, let priests say what they could,  
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,  
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more;  
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,  
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;  
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,  
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.  
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,  
And to the heavenly powers his constant pray'r,  
Once, ere he died, to taste the blissful life  
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortified with reason still  
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.)  
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,  
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:  
But depth of judgment most in him appears,  
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.

Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,  
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ;  
To soothe his cares, and, free from noise and strife,  
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.  
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,  
Full well they merit all they feel, and more :  
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,  
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join ;  
Nor know to make the present blessing last,  
To hope the future, or esteem the past :  
But vainly boast the joys they never tried,  
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.  
The married man may bear his yoke with ease,  
Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please ;  
And pass his inoffensive hours away,  
In bliss all night, and innocence all day :  
Though fortune change, his constant spouse remains,  
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure which envious tongues will spare?  
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.  
With matchless impudence they style a wife  
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;  
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,  
A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.  
Let not the wise these slanderous words regard,  
But curse the bones of every lying bard.  
All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,  
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.  
Vain fortune's favours, never, at a stay,  
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away ;  
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,  
Abundantly supplies us all our life :  
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)  
As long as hearts can wish—and longer too.



Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,  
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd,  
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd.  
And wander'd in the solitary shade.

The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd  
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

A wife ! ah, gentle deities ! can he  
That has a wife e'er feel adversity ?  
Would men but follow what the sex advise,  
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.  
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won  
His father's blessing from an elder son :  
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life  
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife :  
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,  
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew the' Assyrian foe :  
At Hester's suit the persecuting sword  
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives January the sage  
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age :  
And, charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,  
Would try that chaste comfort, call'd a wife.  
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice  
To pass their judgment, and to give advice ;  
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he,  
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

' My friends,' he cried, (and cast a mournful look  
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke),  
' Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,  
And, worn with cares, am hastening to my end ;  
How I have liv'd, alas ! you know too well,  
In worldly follies which I blush to tell ;  
But gracious Heav'n has op'd my eyes at last,  
With due regret I view my vices past,

And, as the precept of the church decrees,  
 Will take a wife, and live in holy ease ;  
 But since by counsel all things should be done,  
 And many heads are wiser still than one ;  
 Choose you for me, who best shall be content  
 When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

‘ One caution yet is needful to be told,  
 To guide your choice ; this wife must not be old :  
 There goes a saying, and ’twas shrewdly said,  
 Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.  
 My soul abhors the tasteless dry embrace  
 Of a stale virgin with a winter face ;  
 In that cold season love but treats his guest  
 With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.  
 No crafty widows shall approach my bed ;  
 These are too wise for bachelors to wed.  
 As subtle clerks by many schools are made,  
 Twice married dames are mistresses o’ the trade :  
 But young and tender virgins, rul’d with ease,  
 We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

‘ Conceive me, sirs, nor take my sense amiss ;  
 ’Tis what concerns my soul’s eternal bliss ;  
 Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,  
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows ?  
 Then should I live in lewd adultery,  
 And sink downright to Satan when I die :  
 Or were I curs’d with an unfruitful bed,  
 The righteous end were lost for which I wed ;  
 To raise up seed to bless the pow’rs above,  
 And not for pleasure only, or for love.  
 Think not I dote ; ’tis time to take a wife,  
 When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life :  
 Those that are bless’d with store of grace divine,  
 May live like saints by Heav’n’s consent and mine.

‘ And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,  
 (As, thank my stars in modest truth I may)  
 My limbs are active, still I’m sound at heart,  
 And a new vigour springs in every part.  
 Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed  
 These rev’rend honours on my hoary head :  
 Thus trees are crown’d with blossoms white as snow,  
 The vital sap then rising from below.  
 Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear  
 Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.  
 Now, sirs, ye know to what I stand inclin’d,  
 Let every friend with freedom speak his mind.’

He said; the rest in different parts divide ;  
 The knotty point was urged on either side ;  
 Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim’d,  
 Some prais’d with wit, and some with reason blam’d.  
 Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,  
 Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,  
 There fell between his brothers a debate :  
 Placebo this was call’d, and Justin that.

First to the knight Placebo thus begun,  
 (Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)  
 ‘ Such prudence, sir, in all your words appears,  
 As plainly proves experience dwells with years !  
 Yet you pursue sage Solomon’s advice,  
 To work by counsel when affairs are nice :  
 But, with the wise man’s leave, I must protest,  
 So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,  
 As still I hold your own advice the best.

‘ Sir, I have liv’d a courtier all my days,  
 And studied men, their manners, and their ways ;  
 And have observ’d this useful maxim still,  
 To let my betters always have their will.

‘ Nay, if my lord affirm’d that black was white,  
 My word was this, “Your honor’s in the right.”

The' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise  
As his mistaken patron to advise,  
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought;  
A noble fool was never in a fault.

This, sir, affects not you, whose every word  
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord:  
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)  
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;  
At least, your courage all the world must praise.  
Who dare to wed in your declining days.  
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,  
And let grey fools be indolently good,  
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,  
With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence.'

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,  
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began:—

'A heathen author, of the first degree,  
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as we)  
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust  
To those of generous principles and just.  
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,  
To give your person, than your goods away:  
And, therefore, sir, as you regard your rest,  
First learn your lady's qualities at least:  
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,  
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;  
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,  
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.  
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find  
In all this world, much less in womankind;  
But if her virtues prove the larger share,  
Bless the kind fates and think your fortune rare.  
Ah, gentle sir, take warning of a friend,  
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;

And spite of all his praises must declare,  
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.  
 Heav'n knows I shed full many a private tear,  
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear;  
 While 'all my friends applaud my blissful life,  
 And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;  
 Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,  
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun!  
 But, by the' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,  
 And he that smarts has reason to complain.  
 Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,  
 And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age:  
 But at these years to venture on the fair!  
 By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,  
 To please a wife, when her occasions call,  
 Would busy the most vigorous of us all.  
 And trust me, sir, the chastest you can choose  
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.  
 If what I speak my noble lord offend,  
 My tedious sermon here is at an end.'

' 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well,' the knight replies,  
 'Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise!  
 We, sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause  
 To heathenish authors, proverbs, and old saws.'  
 He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:—  
 'What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?  
 'I say,' quoth he, 'by Heav'n the man's to blame,  
 To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.'

At this the council rose, without delay;  
 Each, in his own opinion, went his way;  
 With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,  
 The knight should marry, when and where he  
 Who now but January exults with joy? [pleas'd.  
 The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:

Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possess'd  
 And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;  
 Whilst fancy pictur'd every lively part,  
 And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.  
 Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,  
 A mirror shows the figures moving by;  
 Still, one by one, in swift succession, pass  
 The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.  
 This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,  
 But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;  
 That was with sense, but not with virtue bless'd;  
 And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.  
 Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,  
 He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.  
 Her faults he knew not, love is always blind,  
 But every charm revolv'd within his mind:  
 Her tender age, her form divinely fair,  
 Her easy motion, her attractive air,  
 Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,  
 Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice,  
 And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:  
 Once more in haste he summon'd every friend,  
 And told them all their pains were at an end.  
 'Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,  
 Provides a consort worthy of my bed:  
 Let none oppose the' election, since on this  
 Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

'A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,  
 Young, beautiful, artless, innocent, and wise;  
 Chaste, though not rich; and, though not nobly  
 Of honest parents, and may serve my turn. [born.  
 Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please,  
 To pass my age in sanctity and ease;

And, thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone  
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none !  
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,  
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

‘One only doubt remains : full oft I’ve heard,  
By casuits grave, and deep divines averr’d,  
That ’tis too much for human race to know  
The bliss of heav’n above, and earth below :  
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,  
To match the blessings of the future state,  
Those endless joys were ill exchang’d for these ;  
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.’

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,  
Touch’d to the quick, and tickled at the soul.  
‘Sir knight,’ he cried, ‘if this be all your dread,  
Heav’n put it past your doubt whene’er you wed ;  
And to my fervent pray’rs so far consent,  
That e’er the rites are o’er you may repent !  
Good Heav’n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,  
Since it chastises still what best it loves.  
Then be not, sir, abandon’d to despair ;  
Seek, and perhaps you’ll find among the fair,  
One, that may do your business to a hair ;  
Not ev’n in wish your happiness delay,  
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way :  
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,  
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow !  
Provided still, you moderate your joy,  
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,  
Let reason’s rule your strong desires abate,  
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.  
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,  
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute ;



Consult with those, and be of better cheer;  
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.'

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd:—  
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.  
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;  
The old have interest ever in their eye.

Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;  
When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed,  
Too long for me to write, or you to read;  
Nor will with quaint impertinence display  
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.  
The time approach'd; to church the parties went,  
At once with eamal and devout intent:  
Forth came the priest, and bade the' obedient wife,  
Like Sarah or Rebeeca lead her life;  
Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,  
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace gates are open'd wide,  
The guests appear in order, side by side,  
And, plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride. }  
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,  
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;  
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,  
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling  
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre, [string.  
Nor Joab the sounding elarion could inspire,  
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain  
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,  
(So poets sing) was present on the place:  
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,  
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,  
And danc'd around, and smil'd on every knight: }

Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,  
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spied  
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.

Ye bards ! renown'd among the tuneful throng  
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song,  
Think not your softest numbers can display  
The matchless glories of this blissful day ;  
The joys are such as far transcend your rage,  
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,  
And darted amorous glances at her lord.  
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,  
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king :  
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day,  
And fresh and blooming as the month of May !  
The joyful knight survey'd her by his side, -  
Nor envied Paris with the Spartan bride ;  
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight  
The' entrancing raptures of the' approaching night,  
Restless he sat, invoking every pow'r,  
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.  
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,  
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round  
With odorous spices they perfum'd the place,  
And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,  
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain :  
Damian alone, the knights obsequious 'squire,  
Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.  
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,  
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest :  
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,  
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day :—

There let him lie : till his relenting dame  
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,  
Forsook the' horizon, and roll'd down the light ;  
While glittering stars his absent beams supply,  
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.  
Then rose the guests, and as the time requir'd,  
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd. dress,

The foe once gone, our knight prepar'd to' un-  
So keen he was, and eager to possess ;  
But first thought fit the' assistanee to receive,  
Which grave physieians scruple not to give :  
Satyrion near, with hot eringoes stood,  
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,  
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,  
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,

The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.  
What next ensued besecms not me to say ;  
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,  
Then briskly sprung from bed with heart so light, }  
As all were nothing he had done by night, }  
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.  
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,  
And freely sung a lusty roundelay :  
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast ;  
For every labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive 'squire oppress'd,  
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast ;  
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,  
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell :  
Yet hoping time the' ocession might betray,  
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May ;

Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,  
He wrapt in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run,  
(’Twas Junc, and Cancer had receiv’d the sun)  
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride,  
The good old knight mov’d slowly by her side.  
High mass was sung, they feasted in the hall;  
The servants round stood ready at their call.  
The ’squire alone was absent from the board,  
And much his sickness griev’d his worthy lord,  
Who pray’d his spouse, attended with her train,  
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.  
The’ obliging dames obey’d with one consent;  
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.  
The female tribe surround him as he lay,  
And close beside him sat the gentle May:  
Where, as she tried his pulse, he softly drew  
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!  
Then gave his bill, and brib’d the pow’rs divine,  
With secret vows to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?  
On her soft couch uneasily she lay:  
The lumpish husband snor’d away the night,  
Till coughs awak’d him near the morning light.  
What then he did, I’ll not presume to tell,  
Nor if she thought herself in heav’n or hell:  
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,  
Till the bell toll’d, and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,  
Or did from chance, or nature’s pow’r proceed:  
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,  
Shed its selectest influence from above;  
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame  
Felt the first motions of an infant flame;

Receiv'd the' impressions of the love-sick 'squire,  
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move  
Your gentle minds to pity those who love !  
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,  
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd ;  
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,  
Was much to meek to prove a homicide.

But, to my tale ;—Some sages have defin'd  
Pleasure the sovereign bliss of humankind :  
Our knight (who studied much we may suppose)  
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those ;  
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expense  
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence :  
His house was stately, his retinue gay,  
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.  
His spacious garden made to yield to none,  
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone ;  
Priapus could not half describe the grace  
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place :  
A place to tire the rambling wits of France  
In long descriptions, and exceed romance :  
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings  
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.

Full in the centre of the flowery ground  
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,  
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd :  
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)  
The dapper elves their moonlight sports pursue :  
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,  
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,  
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,  
An airy music warbled through the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair,  
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care ;)

For this he held it dear, and always bore  
 The silver key, that lock'd the garden door.  
 To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,  
 He us'd from noise and business to retreat;  
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,  
*Solus cum sola*, with his sprightly May :

For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,  
 The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.

But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?  
 How short a space our worldly joys endure!  
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,  
 But faithless still, and wavering as the wind!  
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,  
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!  
 This rich, this amorous, venerable knight,  
 Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,  
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,  
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,  
 For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.  
 His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,  
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,  
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway. }  
 Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,  
 And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:  
 She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye:  
 For oh, 'twas fix'd; she must possess or die!  
 Nor less impatience vex'd her amorous 'squire,  
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire.  
 Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain  
 By secret writing to disclose his pain;  
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,  
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah! gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail,  
 Though they could see as far as ships can sail?

'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,  
Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,  
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:  
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,  
Who, wisely, never thinks the ease his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,  
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;  
She took the wards in wax before the fire,  
And gave the' impression to the trusty 'squire.  
By means of this some wonder shall appear,  
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,  
What flight is that which love will not explore?  
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show  
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:  
Though watch'd and captive, yet, in spite of all,  
They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray,  
It happ'd that, once upon a summer's day,  
Our reverend knight was urg'd to amorous play: }  
He rais'd his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,  
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

'Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;  
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!  
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,  
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:  
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;  
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.  
Fair without spot, whose every charming part  
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;  
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,  
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made  
To haste before; the gentle 'squire obey'd:



Secret and undescried he took his way,  
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,  
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame ;  
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,  
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

‘ Here let us walk,’ he said, ‘ observ’d by none,  
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown :  
So may my soul have joy, as thou my wife  
Art far the dearest solace of my life ;  
And rather would I choose, by heav’n above,  
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.  
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,  
When, unendow’d, I took thee for my own,  
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone. }  
Old as I am, and now depriv’d of sight, }  
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true knight,  
Nor age, nor blindness, rob me of delight. }  
Each other loss with patience I can bear,  
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

‘ Consider then, my lady and my wife,  
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.  
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain ;  
Next, your own honour undefil’d maintain ;  
And, lastly, that which sure your mind must move,  
My whole estate shall gratify your love :  
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow’s sun  
Displays his light, by heav’n it shall be done.  
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,  
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—  
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind ;  
’Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind :  
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,  
And join’d to them my own unequal age,

From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,  
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.  
For who that once possess'd those heavenly charms,  
Could live onc moment absent from thy arms?"

He ceas'd, and May with modest grace replied;  
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cried)  
'Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)  
I have a soul to save as well as you;  
And, what no less you to my charge commend,  
My dearest honour, will to death defend.  
To you in holy church I gave my hand,  
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:  
Yet after this, if you distrust my care,  
Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear:

'First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,  
And let me hence to hell alive descend;  
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,  
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well;  
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,  
Or once renounce the honour of my race.  
For know, sir knight, of gentle blood I came;  
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.  
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,  
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:  
Else why these needless cautions, sir, to me?  
These doubts and fears of female constancy?  
This chime still rings in every lady's ear,  
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.'

Thus, while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,  
Where Damian kneeling worshipp'd as she past.  
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,  
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:  
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,  
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.

Thither the' obsequious'squire address'd his pace,  
 And, climbing, in the summit took his place ;  
 The knight and lady walk'd beneath in view,  
 Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.  
 'Twas now the season when the glorious sun  
 His heavenly progress through the twins had run ;  
 And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,  
 To glad the glebe, and paint the flowery fields :  
 Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,  
 Had streak'd the azure firmament with light ;  
 He pierc'd the glittering clouds with golden streams,  
 And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,  
 The fairies sported on the garden-side,  
 And in the midst their monarch and his bride. }  
 So featly trip'd the light-foot ladies round,  
 The knights so nimbly o'er the greensward bound, }  
 That scarce they bent the flowers, or touch'd the  
 ground. }

The dances ended, all the fairy train  
 For pinks and daisies search'd the flowery plain ;  
 While on a bank reclin'd of rising green,  
 Thus, with a frown, the king bespoke his queen.

' 'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,  
 The treachery you women use to man :  
 A thousand authors have this truth made out,  
 And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.

' Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,  
 A wiser monarch never saw the sun :  
 All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree  
 Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee !  
 For sagely hast thou said, of all mankind,  
 One only just and righteous hope to find :  
 But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,  
 Yet one good woman is not to be found.

‘ Thus says the king, who knew your wickedness;  
The son of Sirach testifies no less.  
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,  
Or some devouring plague consume you all;  
As well you view the lecher in the tree,  
And well this honourable knight you see :  
But since he’s blind and old (a helpless case)  
His ’squire shall cuckold him before your face.

‘ Now by my own dread majesty I swear,  
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,  
No impious wretch shall ’scape unpunish’d long,  
That in my presence offers such a wrong.  
I will this instant undeceive the knight,  
And in the very act restore his sight :  
And set the strumpet here in open view,  
A warning to these ladies, and to you,  
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.’

‘ And will you so,’ replied the queen, ‘ indeed?’  
Now, by my mother’s soul, it is decreed,  
She shall not want an answer at her need.  
For her and for her daughters, I’ll engage,  
And all the sex in each succeeding age ;  
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,  
And fortify their crimes with confidence.  
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,  
Seen with both eyes, and pinion’d on the place,  
All they shall need is to protest and swear,  
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear ;  
Till their wise husbands, gull’d by arts like these,  
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

‘ What though this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,  
Call’d women fools, and knew full many a one ;  
The wiser wits of later times declare  
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are :

Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,  
 Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death ;  
 And witness next what Roman authors tell,  
 How Arria, Porcia, and Lucretia fell.

' But since the sacred leaves to all are free,  
 And men interpret texts, why should not we ?  
 By this no more was meant, than to have shown, }  
 That sovereign goodness dwells in him alone, }  
 Who only Is, and is but only One.

But grant the worst ; shall women then be weigh'd  
 By every word that Solomon hath said ?

What though this king (as ancient story boasts)  
 Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts ;  
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,  
 And did as much for idol gods, or more.

Beware what lavish praises you confer  
 On a rank lecher and idolater ;

Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ,  
 Did but for David's righteous sake permit ;  
 David the monarch after heav'n's own mind,  
 Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind

' Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak ;  
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break  
 Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,  
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lies :  
 By heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,  
 Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.'

' Nay, (quoth the king) dear madam, be not  
 wroth :

I yield it up ; but since I gave my oath,  
 That this much-injur'd knight again should see,  
 It must be done—I am a king,' said he,

' And one whose faith has ever sacred been—'

' And so has mine (she said)—I am a queen :

Her answer she shall have, I undertake ;  
And thus an end of all dispute I make.  
Try when you list ; and you shall find, my lord,  
It is not in our sex to break our word.'  
We leave them here in this heroic strain,  
And to the knight our story turns again ;  
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,  
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay :  
This was his song, ' O kind and constant be,  
Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.'

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew  
By easy steps to where the pear-tree grew :  
The longing dame look'd up, and spied her love  
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.  
She stop'd, and sighing, ' O good gods !' she cried,  
' What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side ?  
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green :  
Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal queen !  
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life  
Of thy poor infant, and thy loving wife !'

Sore sigh'd the knight to hear his lady's cry,  
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh :  
Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,  
What could, alas ! a helpless husband do ?—  
' And must I languish then (she said) and die,  
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye ?  
At least, kind sir, for charity's sweet sake,  
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take ;  
Then from your back I might ascend the tree ;  
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.'

' With all my soul,' he thus replied again,  
' I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.'  
With that his back against the trunk he bent :  
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!  
 Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:  
 'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd;  
 Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.  
 What feats the lady in the tree might do,  
 I pass, as gambols never known to you;  
 But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,  
 Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wondering knight  
 Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.  
 Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,  
 As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;  
 But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,  
 His rage was such as cannot be express'd.  
 Not frantie mothers when their infants die,  
 With louder elamours rend the vaulted sky:  
 He eried, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;  
 'Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?'

'What ails my lord?' the trembling dame replied,  
 'I thought your patience had been better tried:  
 Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,  
 This my reward for having cur'd the blind?  
 Why was I taught to make my husband see,  
 By struggling with a man upon a tree?  
 Did I for this the power of magie prove?  
 Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!'

'If this be struggling, by this holy light,  
 'Tis struggling with a vengeancee (quoeth the knight)  
 So heav'n preserve the sight it has restor'd,  
 As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;  
 Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell  
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.'

'Guard me, good angels! (cried the gentle May)  
 'Pray heav'n this magic work the proper way!



Alas, my love ! 'tis certain, could you see,  
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me :  
 So help me, fates ! as 'tis no perfect sight,  
 But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light.'

' What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,  
 For by the' immortal pow'rs it *seem'd* too plain—'

' By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your  
 mind, .

(Replied the dame) are these the thanks I find ?  
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind !

She said ; a rising sigh express'd her woe,  
 The ready tears apace began to flow,  
 And as they fell she wip'd from either eye  
 The drops, (for women, when they list, can cry.)

The knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd  
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd :

' Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er !  
 Come down, and vex your tender heart no more :

Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,  
 For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made :

Let my repentance your forgiveness draw ;  
 By heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.'

' Ah, my lov'd lord ! 'twas much unkind (she  
 cried)

On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.

But till your sight's establish'd, for a while,

Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus, when from sleep we first our eyes display,  
 The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,

And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day ;

So just recovering from the shades of night,

Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,

Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before  
 your sight.

Then, sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem ;  
Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they  
seem !

Consult your reason, and you soon shall find  
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind :  
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,  
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.'

With that she leap'd into her lord's embrace,  
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.  
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,  
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more :  
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual  
vows :

A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make :  
Let all wise husbands hence example take ;  
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,  
To be so well deluded by their wives.

END OF VOL. XX.









